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[ONE PENNY.]

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OPPOSITION.

Mr. Disraeli's Government has communicated its willingness to accept the position in which it is left by the vote of the House of Commons, and to carry on the public business as an *ad interim* Cabinet. After the overwhelming decision of Friday morning, the Premier had audience of Her Majesty, and the result is that he has found it possible for himself and his colleagues to retain office, on the understanding that the deferred appeal shall be made in the autumn to the new constituencies, the preparations for a general election being expedited for the purpose. Such was the announcement made as the solution of the crisis; but we are afraid that Mr. Disraeli has been too clever for his own reputation, and for the dignity of his party. Like the English people, history judges broadly; and it will not be apt to form a very high idea of the political capacity of a Minister who has made such a profound mistake. If, after a double expression of opinion from that body which constitutionally represents the nation, he had retired, as any other First Minister would have retired, into opposition, he would have done the best thing for the Establishment, supposing that he is really anxious for its preservation. That supposition is too wild, perhaps, to form the basis of an argument; but if Mr. Disraeli really believes that Rome is about to swallow us all up in her maw—Churchmen, Dissenters, Ritualists, Presbyterians, and the rest—then by retiring from the Treasury Bench he would have consolidated his party, and have centralised such forces as he can command round him as the martyred leader of a "Church and State" crusade. The Prime Minister did not take this course. After the decisive vote of Friday morning he proceeded to Osborne, had an audience of Her Majesty, and stated that the advice of the Cabinet was that Parliament should be dissolved, in order that the opinion of the country might be taken on the question at issue. But, he added, the Sovereign should not on such an occasion be embarrassed by personal claims, and, if the Queen believed that the immediate retirement of the Government would tend to facilitate the settlement of the matter, the Ministers were ready to resign. "In fact," said Mr. Disraeli, "I tendered my resignation to Her Majesty." The Royal decision was postponed until next day, when the Queen informed him that she would not accept the resignation, and that she was ready to dissolve Parliament as soon as the state of public business would permit. The Premier then intimated that, although he deemed the present constituencies morally competent to decide the question, still he considered it expedient that the appeal should be made to the new electors; and, he added, that he thought it possible to make arrangements for an autumn dissolution. Thus Mr. Disraeli has chosen a policy of meek tenacity and long-suffering docility which, as the course of some of his colleagues, is still more astonishing than as his own; but, we believe, they also will find that Mr. Gladstone's example, in retiring before a majority of seven, was after all the wisest politically, as it was inexpressibly the most dignified, constitutional, and appropriate. The Leader of the Liberal party was not inclined to show mercy to such a policy; nor did he pretend to show any. Mr. Gladstone reprobated the theory that a Ministry has the right to hold dissolution in its hands as a card to play for "mere Ministerial" purposes, apart from State necessity or benefit. Political power, he argued, is not a prize; it is a



SIR ROBERT NAPIER, K.C.B.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—(FROM "BOW BELLS.")

trust, a task, a splendid responsibility, and the language of profit and loss degrades it to the debasing level of huckstery. For such "penal" or speculative dissolutions as the Queen was here advised to countenance, Mr. Gladstone declared that precedents could be found nowhere but in the right honourable gentleman's own career. The proposals could only be redeemed by adequate Parliamentary causes or rational prospect of success; and the fact that Lord Derby contemplated the step on entering office showed that the Parliamentary causes were immaterial to Tory Ministers; while, as to the prospects of success, the Liberal leader denied that Mr. Disraeli could hope to find the country disagreeing with the House. The ill-judged advice had been happily rejected, and Her Majesty had been provided with a method to retain her present Ministers. Mr. Gladstone passed severely over this part of his subject, observing that Mr. Disraeli's political honour and that of his colleagues was "their own concern"; but the scorn which he evidently felt for their convenient elasticity of resource came out plainly enough in the stern definition of the Liberal programme henceforward. It is clear that the Ministry in power is to have no quarter at the hands of the majority and its leader. "Our intentions, at least," Mr. Gladstone said, "are clear, simple, and decisive."

Liberal Cabinet which had the Royal permission to dissolve in 1857, yet forbore to use it, with the alarmist threat of dissolution now so strangely thrown out to repel the attack on an untenable position. Mr. Disraeli has thus found a way to remain in office after votes have been given with an emphasis that could not be misunderstood; but some of his colleagues must, we fear, feel inclined to traverse the famous sentence, and exclaim, "Nothing is left except honour!" What, however, is mainly forced upon our minds by the issue of the crisis is the extraordinary difficulty of the new position—the apparently untenable nature of the city of refuge into which Mr. Disraeli has fled. Hard as they look, the conditions imposed upon him involve consequences which cannot be fully appreciated until they are traced with some distinctness of detail. Accepting the terms dictated by their adversaries, Ministers will be expected to forward the measures forced upon them, and to obtain and announce the Royal assent to the introduction of the Suspensory Act. They must abjure every act of imitation, while they proceed with their Budget and their Reform Bills. The Budget will be at the mercy of Mr. Gladstone; while the Scotch Reform Bill, containing the proposition to increase the number of members in the House, will have to be amended.

The second and third resolutions are to be insisted upon; in fact, Thursday next will probably be given for their discussion, and when they are accepted—as Mr. Disraeli virtually owned they must be, although he reserved to himself the right of opposing them—"the next step," as Mr. Gladstone significantly remarked, "rests with the Government." This—the assent of the Crown to the introduction of a bill—being furnished, Mr. Gladstone will proceed with his paramount task of pledging the House of Commons to do justice towards Ireland by introducing a suspensory measure, which will give full and practical effect to the objects that the Leader of the Opposition has in view, and will transfer the question of detailed settlement in the freest manner to the new Parliament. We will go forward, said the Liberal leader, in his most earnest manner and tone; we make no covenant with the Government, and intend to introduce this bill, and to carry it. Less than ever was Mr. Gladstone alone, less than ever was he denied the support of his own party. His followers stood at his back with serried ranks, united, resolved, eager for the advance. The more stalwart and dashing of the combatants, indeed, did not repress their impatience to sally forth against the foe, even before their chief could give the order. Mr. Lowe recalled how the Prime Minister had before declared the two important decisions of the House "null and void," and charged him now with using "a most fallacious way of representing what really took place" at the recent interview with the Queen. "After a trip to Osborne and back to mystify it with the story of a dissolution," he asked the Opposition to "co-operate" with him, by letting him, "branded with a want of confidence," carry two measures for re-modelling the constitution. Mr. Ayrton rebuked those who would shift their own responsibility on the Sovereign, and represent their leader as "a suffering officer holding office at the bidding of the Queen for the good of the nation." Other members demanded further explanations. But it was when Mr. Bright arose to dash about him with the sharp, strong sword of his terrible eloquence that the severest blows were dealt, contrasting the forbearance of the

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Malmesbury explained the course taken by the Government in consequence of the adverse vote of the Commons on Friday morning, and announced that they had determined, with the consent of Her Majesty, to expedite the measures now before Parliament and appeal to the country as soon as the state of public affairs would permit.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, at half-past four o'clock, Mr. Disraeli rose, in the midst of an anxiously expectant audience, and having reminded the House that on Thursday night he declared that the adverse division on the Irish Church had altered the relations between the Government and the House, and that it would be necessary for the former to consider their position, for which purpose he asked the House to adjourn for a few days, now requested further leave to make a statement upon the subject, and give the result of considering the question, and the course which they thought it their duty to pursue. The right hon. gentleman then reviewed the circumstances under which the Earl of Derby undertook the Government in 1866, and the way in which the Ministry had conducted the affairs of the country up to the moment when the House was asked to consider a policy of a startling character, which was no less than the disestablishment of the Church in a portion of Her Majesty's dominions. This proposal Ministers had resisted for reasons which were fresh in the recollection of all; but the House decided in favour of the motion. After that vote of Thursday he lost no time in obtaining an interview with Her Majesty, which she was graciously pleased to accord to him in the afternoon of Friday. On that occasion he placed fully and fairly before the Queen the position of the Government, of parties, and of the country, and he told Her Majesty that the advice which Ministers, under the circumstances and in the true spirit of the constitution, were prepared to offer her was, that she should dissolve this Parliament and take the opinion of the country upon the conduct of the Government and upon the question at issue. At the same time he represented that there were important occasions on which it was wise that the Sovereign should not be embarrassed by personal claims, however constitutional, valid, or meritorious, and that if Her Majesty was of opinion that the question at issue could be more satisfactorily settled, or the just interests of the country be more studied by the immediate retirement of the present Government from office, they were prepared at once to quit her service. He then tendered his resignation to the Queen, who commended him to attend her in audience on the next day, when she expressed her pleasure not to accept the resignation of her Ministers, and her readiness to dissolve the present Parliament as soon as the state of public business would permit. Under these circumstances he advised Her Majesty, although the representatives of the existing constituency were no doubt as morally competent to decide upon the question of the disestablishment of the Irish Church as the representatives of the new constituency, still it was the opinion of Ministers that every effort should be made for appealing, if possible, to the new constituency, and he stated that if the Government had the cordial co-operation of Parliament he was advised by those who were experienced in this matter that it would be possible to make arrangements by which that dissolution might take place in the coming autumn. With regard to the second and third resolutions on the Irish Church, having disapproved of the first, he of course disapproved of the second and third, which he looked upon as corollaries of the first. With a view to the despatch of business, however, he would not enter into protracted and formal discussions upon them, although he should offer them a hearty negative, but he would be happy to devote the earliest possible day at the disposal of the Government for their consideration.—Mr. Gladstone challenged Mr. Disraeli to mention a case in the whole history of the country where a minister who had been twice defeated by a majority of 60 and 65 advised a report to dissolution. There were two conditions necessary for making a legitimate appeal to the country. One was an adequate case of public policy, the other a rational expectation of reversing a decision; and he contended that on these principles the right hon. gentleman was not well justified in his advice. The fate of the ministry was in the first instance in his own hands. For his, Mr. Gladstone's, part he had other matters to consider which demanded and absorbed his whole attention, and in reference to these his intentions had the advantage of being in their nature, clear, simple, and decisive. One question paramount to every other was that of the Imperial relations between England and Ireland, and the branch of that question which partly the proceedings of the Government, partly the state of affairs out of doors, and partly, if they liked, the proceedings of the Opposition, had thrust into the foreground, he meant the Irish Church. What he held respecting this subject might be summed up into two propositions; that it was the duty of ministers emphatically, intelligibly, and without delay, to declare their mind as to whether the Establishment of the Irish Church ought or ought not to continue, and that the abstract resolutions ought to be followed up by the passing forthwith a Suspensory Act respecting the Irish Church, which should have the effect of distinctly declaring the mind of the present Parliament, and of preparing the way for the action of the next Parliament. Meanwhile he accepted the offer of an early day for proceeding with the two remaining resolutions.

On Tuesday it was to a thin House that Mr. Gladstone with special circumstances drew attention to the state of incertitude as to the power of dissolution in which Mr. Disraeli, as he alleged, had left the House. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone asked whether it was intended to signify that the licence to dissolve was applicable to all political difficulties of the Government under any circumstances—a sense of resistance to which a suspicion he had conveyed all through his speech.—The Prime Minister was apparently not quite prepared for this interrogation, but he palpably endeavoured to show that he was not actually unready; for, assuming an air of candour, he took a little time in premising that there ought to be no misunderstanding on the point; and then having, during some roundabout talk, seemingly chosen the phrase that suited him, he stated that he had recommended to Her Majesty a "dissolution of Parliament as soon as the state of public business would permit." As to what the Duke of Richmond had said, he knew nothing about it; and any one who wished to ascertain what that noble Duke had said ought to have applied to him for an explanation. Mr. Disraeli further said that his advice to Her Majesty as to the dissolution of Parliament was confined to the Irish Church question alone, and that if difficulty arose on any other subject it would be his duty again to lay the case before Her Majesty.

CHRONIC DUSTINESS OF HYDE-PARK.—A correspondent writes to a contemporary complaining of the chronic dustiness of Hyde-park. The contractor engaged to water it apparently finds it more convenient to employ his men, cattle, and carts elsewhere, and to take the chance of being fined for breach of contract; a contingency which can scarcely occur, inasmuch as the supervision exercised over him by the Board of Works is of the slightest and most perfunctory kind. Considering the vast entail incurred for the improvement and adornment of the Park, it is certainly too bad that the frequenters should be daily bothered in just simply because the officials in charge of them are too lazy to do their duty.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

The State apartments of Windsor Castle were closed on and after Wednesday last until further orders.

On Friday the Queen and Royal family returned to Windsor Castle, and on next Friday Her Majesty will leave for Scotland. In consequence of a severe domestic affliction the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone was prevented attending the Royal Academy dinner on Saturday evening.

On Monday a levee was held at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales on behalf of Her Majesty. There was a large number of presentations.

VISCOUNT INGESTRE, formerly M.P. for North Staffordshire, was elected without opposition for Stamford, in the place of Lord Cranborne, now the Marquis of Salisbury.

An official correspondence has just taken place with reference to the recent Volunteer review at Portsmouth, in which the Commander-in-Chief and the Minister at War express the highest satisfaction at the manner in which the arrangements were carried out on Easter Monday.

His Royal Highness Prince Adalbert of Prussia, admiral of the Prussian fleet, honoured his Excellency the Prussian Ambassador and Countess Bernstorff by his company at dinner on Saturday, at Prussia House. The ambassadors later in the evening received a very distinguished company, upwards of 300 of the members of the corps diplomatique and the aristocracy being present.

THE Council of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society have nominated as honorary fellows, Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., and Messrs. Darwin, Hooker, Huxley, and Tyndall; and as foreign fellows, Baron Larrey, M. Nélaton, Professor Kollikor, and Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, to fill the vacancies caused by the death of Brander, Brewster, Daubeny, Faraday and Whewell, Jackson, Panizza (Pavia), and Rayer and Velpeau (Paris).

THE annual dinner of the Royal Academy on Saturday last, was again graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales and other Royal visitors. The president, Sir Francis Grant, was in the chair, and the list of guests comprised most names of note in the world of art and letters. The principal speeches were those of their Royal Highnesses the Heir Apparent, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Lord Cancellor Cairns, and the President.

THE report of the Royal Commission on Ritual was signed absolutely and without reserve by nineteen of the twenty-five members and by four others with qualifications. Two of the latter were the Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Ely, and the explanations with which they have accompanied their signatures appear to have had the effect of preventing four others—viz. Sir R. Phillimore, Messrs. Hubbard and Hope, and the Rev. R. Gregory, from signing at all. The Earl of Beauchamp and the Rev. T. P. P. have each made a special report.

THE second "25 Spring Open Handicap" came off at the Gun Club-grounds, Shephard's-bush. Although the weather was particularly favourable for the sport the attendance of members was not so large as on the occasion of the opening handicap, nor were the entries so numerous. The first prize (£100) was taken by Mr. J. Hope Johnston for six birds, being the whole of the number at which he shot. Mr. R. Herbert also killed all his birds, but failed on shooting of the tie with Mr. Johnston, and, consequently, took the second prize (£20). For the third prize (£10) several gentlemen tied for 5, and after some remarkably good shooting Mr. R. C. Musgrave proved successful.

THE Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, Vicar of Frome, in a letter to the *Church Times*, says:—"Two passages in my pamphlet, entitled 'Plea for Toleration,' have caused some perplexity, if not misgiving, to many of our friends. At the suggestion of one whom all revere, I am about to correct these passages in a third edition now in the press. Meanwhile will you allow me, through your columns, to say that in the coming edition the word 'visible,' at page 3, will be corrected into 'presence of our Lord under the form of Bread and Wine.' And at page 12, instead of 'Consecrated Elements,' the formula will be found thus—after word Adore, 'Christ present in the Sacrament under the form of Bread and Wine.'"

In a suit by the Bishop of Winchester against the Rev. Lewis Rugg, the incumbent of Echinawell with Spidinston, near Southampton, for not performing Divine service at Spidinston Church, it appears that he had performed full services at Echinawell, where the inhabitants principally resided, and contended that he had a discretion where he would perform the service as the stipend was not sufficient to employ a curate, his income from Echinawell being £60, and from Spidinston, £39 5s. 6d. The Bishop of Winchester required services to be performed in both churches in one service, and the defendant declined to obey the motion, and argued his case in person. Dr. Deane, Q.C., and Dr. Searcy were for the bishop, and submitted that a clergyman in such a case had no discretion to exercise. His Lordship gave judgment, reviewing the case and the law on the subject. He held that on the request of the bishop Mr. Rugg was bound to perform service in both churches, and he now admonished and pointed out the consequence of his contumacy. He condemned Mr. Rugg in all the costs.

WE regret to announce the death of Frederick Gough Calthorpe, second Lord Calthorpe, of Calthorpe, county Norfolk, in the peerage of Great Britain, and a baronet, which took place on Saturday at his residence in Grosvenor-square. The late nobleman was the second son of Henry, first Lord Calthorpe, by his marriage with Frances, second daughter of General Benjamin Carpenter. He was born 14th June, 1790, and married 12th August, 1823, Lady Charlotte Sophia Somerset, eldest daughter of Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort, which lady died in September, 1865, leaving surviving issue three sons and six daughters. He succeeded his brother George as fourth Lord Calthorpe in September, 1851, having previously, from 1826 to 1830, represented the disfranchised borough of Braintree in the House of Commons, was a councillor of King's College, London, and for some years a metropolitan commissioner of lunacy, appointed a deputy lieutenant of Staffordshire in 1848, and was high sheriff of that county in the same year. He is succeeded by his second son, the Hon. Frederick Henry William Gough Calthorpe, who was born in July, 1826, and was appointed a deputy lieutenant of Warwickshire in 1852, and of Staffordshire in 1859. From 1852 to 1859 he was a lieutenant in the Royal Gloucestershire Yeomanry Hussars. By his elevation to the Upper House a vacancy occurs in the representation of the Eastern division of Worcestershire, which the present peer has represented since February, 1859.

A CURIOUS CASE.—A curious case was tried last week in the Bail Court before Mr. Justice Mellor and a common jury. A fruit grower at Battersea named Fletcher had sold to a confectioner named Sheppard, for £20, a certain quantity of fruit. The bargain proving a bad one for Sheppard, he refused to pay the money, and the plaintiff's solicitor, in order to remove the case out of the County Court, and to enable it to be tried in a superior court, a step which would enable him to send the defendant to prison in the event of his having no goods, sued him, not for £20, but for £20 5s. 3d.; the additional threepence being alleged to be interest on the debt of £20. The defence was, that the transfer of the case from the County Court to the Bail Court was vexatious, and for the sole purpose of putting the defendant to unnecessary expense. The jury, however, returned a verdict for the full amount claimed, thus giving the plaintiff the benefit of his attorney's ingenious contrivance.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

MR. JOHN MELLOR, an antiquary of Derby, states that he has discovered the remains of King Alfred at Hyde Abbey, Winchester.

A new public park, 30 acres in extent, was on Friday last formally opened by Mr. Peter Wood, the Mayor of Southport. The land for the park was presented about four years ago by the Rev. Charles Hesketh, the rector of Southport.

HERE is a fact showing the influence of artificial light in the production of green colouring matter. Some lilacs were placed for forcing in a heated cellar, partially lighted with gas. Those leaves that were exposed to the light became green, as if they had been in the open air, while the remainder were etiolated. The fact is recorded by M. Erminas, in a recent number of the *Revue Horticole*.

On Friday, Richard Croston, 73 years of age, residing in High-street, Preston, met with his death in a very unexpected manner. The deceased, who was a joiner by trade, had had an old gun barrel about two feet long in his house for several years, and being desirous of extracting the breach, had placed the piece by the fire to warm. He then sat down close beside it to partake of breakfast with his wife, and in a few moments the gun exploded, the contents lodging in his neck and penetrating the jugular vein. Death was instantaneous. The wife of the deceased had a very narrow escape.

ANOTHER brutal murder has taken place in the North of England, at a place called Willington Quay, between Newcastle and North Shields. It appears that a quarrel of some standing existed between several Irish families, arising out of the fowls of one of them named Barrett, trespassing upon the garden of another, named Lavery. On Saturday evening the quarrel reached a tragical crisis, and in an affray which took place Lavery's skull was so severely fractured that he died on Sunday morning. James Lynch, the man who gave the fatal blow, has escaped apprehension as yet, but four others are in custody.

THE county of Durham has just been the scene of a murder and suicide of an unusually shocking character. The murdered man, a police-constable, named John Cruickshanks, was stationed at Pitlington, about four miles from Darham, while in the village of Sherburn a constable of the name of Paton was stationed. The latter appears to have been guilty of late of some irregularities, and Cruickshanks lodged information with his superior respecting Paton, who was ordered to appear on Friday before Lieut.-Colonel White at Darham. The result of the investigation was that Paton received his discharge. About five o'clock in the afternoon Cruickshanks and another constable, named M'Kay, left Darham, and proceeded in the direction of their homes. Shortly afterwards they were joined by Paton, who had remained longest in Darham. There does not appear to have been any altercation on the road, nothing, indeed, to indicate the terrible tragedy that was to follow, and when they arrived at Sherburn Bridge, Cruickshanks desired to turn down the Darham and Sunderland Railway line, as it was a nearer way to his home than by continuing on the road. Paton, however, stated that he had received some information from the office at Darham, which he would require to hand over to him, and Cruickshanks accompanied him to the village, M'Kay going with them. Cruickshanks, however, did not go so far as the house, but remained in the village, at a distance of 20 or 30 yards, and M'Kay accompanied Paton to his house. It has transpired that on Thursday evening Paton remarked to his wife that if he lost his appointment through Cruickshanks' information, he would shoot him, as he could not bear to think of himself being thrown out of employment, and his wife in want and wretchedness. Apparently he had been deliberating on his murderous purpose all the way from Darham, and had steeled his feelings to the savage point, for immediately on entering his dwelling-house he seized a six-barrelled revolver, which was lying charged. His wife noticing the weapon in his hand, and remembering his threat, endeavoured to prevent him from going out. In spite of her frantic attempts to keep him back he forced his way out of the house with the revolver in his possession, and he immediately made towards the place where Cruickshanks was standing, a number of yards distant. The latter, seeing the revolver in Paton's hand, hastened towards a neighbouring public-house, the "Lambton Arms," but did not succeed in getting further than the threshold, for Paton at once fired, and his unfortunate victim received a wound in the back, on the left side, between the fifth and sixth ribs. He attempted to turn round, and thereupon received a second shot in the groin, and immediately fell dead. The murderer turned as if to proceed to his home, but had not proceeded beyond two or three yards, when he took the revolver, and placing it behind his right ear, deliberately fired and shot himself, the whole affair not lasting more than a moment. Several persons in the village of Sherburn witnessed the horrible occurrence, but so suddenly and unexpectedly was the murder effected that they were quite unable to interfere. When Mr. Shaw, surgeon, arrived, the murderer Paton was alive, but quite unconscious, in which state he had remained from the time he committed the fearful act. He died shortly after eight o'clock. The surgeons who examined the body of Cruickshanks found that one shot had penetrated the groin; and another passed between the fifth and sixth ribs, which it is conjectured had penetrated the heart. Both of the officers were Scotchmen, and had been in the same force together in Scotland. Cruickshanks was a member of the Durham county constabulary a few years ago. Latterly he was employed as a detective on the North British Railway, which service he left two months ago, and rejoined the Durham county police. Paton was formerly a soldier, and was stationed in India some years. He joined the Darham force about two years ago, where he had remained until the present. He leaves a wife, as we stated above, and two children. Cruickshanks leaves a wife, and four children.

THE DOG TAX.—On Thursday thirty-one persons were fined at Manchester for keeping dogs without the necessary licence. The amount of fine varied from 30s. to 40s. in each case.

INTERESTING TO ORNITHOLOGISTS.—In the *Wellington Journal* about twelve months since there was a brief notice of a nightingale, the property of Mr. T. Jones, of The Brookholes, Madeley-wood. To all those who are interested in singing feathered pets the following particulars will no doubt be interesting:—The nightingale referred to is still in the possession of Mr. Jones, who has had the bird now eleven years in his possession. His plumage is not unequal to any of his tribe, who still range their native woods. His song is not inferior in tone, in variety of note, or volume to his compeers; and close to his cage is that of a juvenile one of five, taken last year from one nest by Mr. Roberts of Brinsley, all of whom were successfully reared, having been fed by hand. It is deemed of importance that the younger bird should have the advantage of being taught by the older bird, whose notes and song he is rapidly becoming acquainted with; indeed, the advantage of such an instructor is of the first importance. All the birds taken from the nest previously adverted to are in full feather, and thriving well. That a bird of peerless song, such as nightingales are generally admitted to be, has been in the possession of Mr. Jones eleven years, and still retains in all its vigour, its magnificent sweetness and trilling variety of song, for which these warblers are so justly admired, is, perhaps, a fact not exceeded in the annals of singing pets. It may be added that during the last fortnight this beautiful captive has continuously poured forth a stream of harmony not less brilliant than unequalled.

METROPOLITAN.

On Sunday a fire of a very destructive character broke out on the premises of Mr. W. Ward, currier and leather seller, 160, Cambridge-road. The whole of the stock in trade and a large sum in notes were destroyed. The origin of the fire has not been ascertained.

LAMBETH parish has come in for a new charity, to be called the Ashford and Moore Charity. It consists of the sum of £590 12s. 10d. in Consols—the fifth part of the estate of the late John Ashford, of Regent's-park—the dividends on which are to be given away at Christmas in fuel, clothes, meat, or bread, to the aged poor. The rector and wardens are the trustees appointed.

The May Session of the Central Criminal Court opened on Monday, with a calendar of 88 prisoners. The principal cases will be the charge of treason-felony against Mahon, who is said to have induced soldiers to desert to Ireland in order to join the Fenians; and that against Edgeley, a London merchant, for forgeries on the Leeds Bank.

At the monthly meeting of the committee of the Newspaper Press Fund, held at the offices, in Cecil-street, Strand, on Saturday; the Right Hon. Lord Houghton, president, in the chair; Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., F.R.S., Mr. Lionel Lawson, and Mr. Edward Levy were elected vice-presidents. The secretary, Mr. Taunton, reported a preliminary list of 163 stewards for the anniversary dinner on the 6th June next, under the presidency of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge.

The T. P. Cooke prize of £100 has this year been awarded to Mr. James Albery and Mr. Joseph J. Dille, for their original drama, entitled "The Mate of the Mountain." Both gentlemen are residents in South London, and have long been known and held in esteem in connection with the Walworth Literary Institute, and, since then, with the Ingoldsby Club, of both of which they were active members. Last year's prize drama, "True to the Core," which was brought out at the Surrey Theatre, has added about £500 to the income of the Royal Dramatic College.

The ceremony of declaring the embankment on the south side of the Thames on Saturday, open was remarkably brief. The chairman of the Board of Works, Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer, and a number of members of the board met at Lambeth-bridge, and proceeded along the footpath of the embankment towards Westminster-bridge. Upon arriving at the handsome flight of steps leading on the bridge, two or three flags were hoisted, and Sir John Thwaites said:—"As Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, I have much pleasure in declaring this section of the Thames Embankment to be opened." This was followed by three cheers, after which the temporary boarding on the bridge was knocked down, and the spectators, who had assembled to witness the procession, rushed down the steps on to the embankment, delighted at the newly-gravelled promenade thus provided for their recreation. The promenade now open for foot passengers, and which is 20 feet wide, will eventually be continued of a somewhat variable width along the entire length of the embankment, and indeed beyond it as far as High-street; for, to make the improvement as complete as possible, the roadway of Vauxhall-row will be widened up to its junction with the new Thames Embankment roadway. This road will extend from Gun House-alley to Westminster-bridge, and will, in connection with the extension referred to, form an approach, 60 feet in width, between Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, in continuation of Stamford-street at the east, and of the several roads meeting at Vauxhall-bridge at the western extremity. The roadway will be formed along the river side for a length of about 600 yards, but will diverge from it to connect at the one end with Vauxhall-row, and at the other with Palace New-road. The roadway promenade will, however, be continued along the river side for nearly the entire length of the embankment. Upon the reclaimed land situated between Westminster and Lambeth bridges, bounded on the river side by the promenade roadway, and on the land side by the intended new road, are being erected the new buildings for St. Thomas's Hospital, which will add materially to the architectural embellishment of the embankment. A similar background is much needed to give full effect to that embellishment on the Middlesex shore.

TWO SHOCKING MURDERS.

On Friday morning at eleven o'clock, Mr. Walsh, the station-master at the Dover Priory Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, was deliberately murdered by Alfred Wells, a young man aged nineteen years, a porter in the employment of the company. It appears that Mr. Walsh had called the porter into his office to reprove him for having, on the previous evening, practised shooting with a pistol near the station, and threatened to suspend him. Wells left the station-master's office, told a fellow-porter what had occurred, and asked for a drink of water. Having procured this, he disappeared for a few minutes. About ten minutes subsequently, while Mr. Walsh was in his office, Wells came to the door and fired either a gun or a pistol at Mr. Walsh. The bullet struck the unfortunate man on the bridge of the nose, passed through the head, and struck the wall beyond, killing Mr. Walsh instantaneously. Mr. Cox's back was to the door at the time, and the bullet grazed the back of his neck before it struck Mr. Walsh. Having effected his purpose the murderer ran away, and was arrested a quarter of an hour afterwards in a carriage near the station. He had then a loaded gun in his possession. He has conducted himself with marked insolence since his arrest, and has not expressed the slightest sorrow for what he has done. The deceased was a very quiet inoffensive man, aged about fifty, and leaves a wife and family.

The scene of the second crime to be noticed was Horfield Barracks, near Bristol. Between eight and nine o'clock on Thursday evening the occupants of the barracks (the 2nd battalion of the 3rd Buffs) were suddenly alarmed by hearing five distinct reports of the discharge of a rifle, following each other in rapid succession. Officers and non-commissioned officers ran from their quarters and went in the direction of the sergeants' mess, whence the report had proceeded. Colonel Pearson, Colour-Sergeant Howarth, and Sergeant Jenner were first on the spot, and they found Private Robert Synon lying upon the steps at the entrance to the mess-room. Colonel Pearson and Howarth lifted him up and observed that he was dead. Colonel Pearson held the body up and despatched a man for the surgeon, while Sergeants Howarth and Jenner went into the mess-room in search of the person who had fired the shots and to call assistance. Behind the door they found Sergeant John Maxwell, rifle in hand, and having his sword bayonet fixed. They seized him, and Jenner took the rifle from him, while Howarth retained his hold of the prisoner, who struggled with him, trying to escape from custody, and they both fell to the ground. Assistance was speedily procured, and he was then removed to the lock-up. Upon the surgeon's arrival he examined the body of Synon; he was quite dead, and there was a bayonet wound upon the forehead and in the side, and a bullet wound in the back. No one saw the prisoner fire, but it is believed that the deceased, like his comrades, was alarmed at hearing the discharge of a rifle, and that he went to seize the prisoner to prevent him firing, when he attacked him with the bayonet, and afterwards shot him. The deceased was an exceedingly well-conducted man, and had not an enemy in the regiment. The sergeant who is in custody also bore a very good character, and it is not known that he had any quarrel with the deceased.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

It is said that the real purchaser of the "Congress of Munster," by Terburg, knocked down at the sale of the Sun Donato pictures to M. Mannheim, the curiosity dealer, for £7,280, is Baron de Rothschild, of Vienna.

The impeachment trial before the Senate at Washington is drawing to a close. The concluding argument for the prosecution was delivered on Monday by Mr. Bingham. The Radical politicians assert that there is no doubt of the President's conviction.

On March 12, says a telegram from Japan, eleven French sailors and one officer of the French frigate Duplex, who were in a steam launch awaiting the Minister's return from a walk, landed some seven miles from Hiogo, on the Prince of Toza's territory, and were immediately shot down. The officer was found with his ears and fingers cut off, his tongue cut out, and otherwise mutilated. The French have seized 40 of Toza's people and ships in Hiogo, and notified Toza that, unless the murderers are given up in 14 days, they will hang the whole 40 to the yardarms of the ships. The Government of the Mikado have promised to give every satisfaction in bringing the villains to justice.

BUSINESS in Brazil, says a correspondent, has not been of a very extensive character during the past month, either in imports or exports. Custom-house returns to 31st of March show a falling off in the former of nearly 50 per cent., as compared with the same period last year, and dealers abstain from purchasing in expectation of a future improvement in exchange; whilst in produce the long prices asked have kept buyers from operating freely. Our cotton market has not been subject to any such violent fluctuations as it experienced six weeks since. Although latterly prices have varied almost daily with the course of exchange the tendency has been gradually upwards, the price having advanced during the month from mls. 10.500 to mls. 13, and advices received from Europe lately, coupled with the falling exchange, will tend further to stiffen prices.

The *Journal des Connaissances Medicales* describes a couple of slaughter engines, which are suggested as the right things to use in future warfare. One is the Mitrailasse, and it is described as something resembling a huge coffee mill in shape, into the funnel of which the cartridges are thrown by a revolving screw. A soldier turns the handle, and the movement keeps up a supply of bullets to each of eight barrels, and causes a hammer to rise and fall rapidly on the percussion caps, the whole resulting in a discharge of from 50 to 55 shots per minute, to a point-black distance of 1,700 yards. It is to be served out to the battalions of chasseurs, each section of which is to have one. The other contrivance is the Foudroyant. It is a species of musket, which discharges two bullets per second from a reservoir for cartridges. As each shot passes out of the barrel it acts upon a lever, which draws a fresh cartridge from the reservoir, and places it in the breach.

MURDER OF A SOLDIER.

THE inquest on the body of Private Robert Synon, who was shot on Thursday evening by Sergeant John Maskell, at Horfield barracks, Bristol, was held on Saturday at the Wellington Hotel, Bristol, before Mr. W. Gaisford, coroner for West Gloucester. Colonel Karson, Surgeon-Major Crocker, and several non-commissioned officers and privates of the regiment (3rd Buffs), to which the prisoner and deceased belonged, were examined, but the most important evidence was that of Lance Corporal Tripp and Private Thewles. James Tripp, lance corporal 3rd Buffs, stated that on the evening of the 30th April he heard Sergeant John Maskell talking very loudly upon the landing near his quarters. He went up three or four steps towards where he was standing, but could not see him as it was a winding staircase. Witness called Maskell by name, and begged him to be quiet, to which he made answer, "I know who you are; your name is Tripp. If you advance upon these stairs any closer to me I will blow your brains out," and at the same time he rapped the butt of a rifle upon the stone steps, to let him know he had one with him. He also put the ramrod down the barrel, to let him know that it was loaded, remarking at the time "Do you hear that?" He fell back the rifle, and again threatened to blow his brains out if he came upstairs, and he then descended the few steps he had gone up. He spoke again to Maskell, and tried to persuade him to hand him his rifle, but he said, "Oh, no; oh, no; I am not drunk." He afterwards said, "Tripp, this is all over to-morrow; and I will be revenged," but he did not say upon whom. Witness stood at the corner of an archway, near, and in about a quarter of an hour he heard the report of a rifle, and saw the flash come from the doorway where Maskell was standing. The bullet struck one of the stone steps and did no harm. In a few moments he came out, walked a few paces into the barrack square and halted. He had his rifle with him fixed bayonet in his hand, and pouch-belt slung across his shoulder. Three or four men were walking up the square, whom Maskell appeared to see. Witness saw him deliberately point his rifle in the direction in which the men were, and fire amongst them. That shot did not take effect. He walked a few paces, then halted and loaded his rifle. Seeing a party of men running into the sergeant's mess-room, as witness thought to escape from him, he fired at them and missed them also. He then turned about half round and looked towards the main guard, where there was some more men standing. He presented and fired at them, but again without effect. He then walked to the sergeants' mess-room, and in about ten minutes witness heard a report and saw the flash of a rifle come out of the door of the sergeants' mess, and at the same time he saw a man fall upon the steps. He had previously sent a man to alarm the guard, and they came across the square at the time. He afterwards saw Sergeant Maskell brought from the mess-room under arrest. Some further evidence was given, and the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against John Maskell," and he was committed to take his trial at the next Gloucester Assizes.

FALL OF THE SIDE OF A SHAFT.—An extraordinary story (says the *Manchester Examiner*) reaches us from Ruabon. By the fall of the side of a shaft at the Afonistha Colliery last Thursday week a man and a boy were imprisoned. Efforts were at once made to reach them, and these were continued with renewed vigour two days afterwards when knocking indicated that the prisoners were still alive. They were not got out of the pit until Friday morning. They say that during the eight days of their imprisonment they had little else than water, and that during the greater portion of the time they were in darkness, their lights having gone out.

THE BISHOPRIC OF GIBRALTAR.—It would appear that the difficulties which had arisen as to the appointment of the Hon. C. A. Harris, brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, and formerly Archbishop of Winchester, to the Bishopric of Gibraltar, have been overcome. Mr. Harris's consecration took place on Friday, and the new bishop is about to undertake for a short time the duties of the Bishop of Salisbury, who is disqualified by illness from discharging his episcopal functions.

GUSTAVE DORE.—The original drawings executed by Gustave Dore, perhaps the most extraordinary genius in the modern world of art, in illustration of *Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"*—one of the most beautiful episodes of the "Idylls of the King"—are to be disposed of at the Crystal Palace on the principles of the Art Union. A payment of a guinea secures to the subscriber a set of beautiful fac-similes of these drawings in chromo-lithography, and a chance of obtaining the original drawings.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

NEWMARKET REFLECTIONS AND CHESTER ANTICIPATIONS.

IN the swift and certain course of events the Derby approaches with rapid strides, and each successive week points significantly to the fact of the "blue riband" being confined to a very narrow circle. Here, after a heavy week's racing, it is discovered that the Two Thousand dead-heaters, Moslem and Formosa, are not engaged in the great Epsom race, and the majority of their opponents are completely disposed of, Pace, Harvester, Bandito, Green Sleeve, Chelsea, Le Sarrazin, and St. Roman to wit. The latter certainly did obtain a place; but his "noisy" propensities will stop him on the Surrey hills, and moreover he was only third by suffrage, as Rosierucian could have finished at the heels of the semi-winners had Wells not judiciously eased him when his palpable want of condition began to tell. It was not surprising, therefore, that his Derby position should have improved after the first flush of defeat, Sir Joseph Hawley and Danebury looking as formidable now as they did in mid-winter, and their most dangerous antagonists would appear to be the animals we have seen out this season. Of the Paul Jones cannot crow over his Epsom performances, as he ran nowhere with 6st 7lb in the City and Suburban, and only beat Philosopher by a head at even weights in the Trial, but then he was only in a half-trained state, and, if report speaks true concerning his trial with Mariner, Orion, and others, he will win the Chester Cup in a canter, and see 10 to 1 for the Derby. From the money which has been already entrusted to Paul his party do not hesitate to aspire to the highest racing honours; while Lord Glasgow's Tom Bowline colt, unhonoured and unused until he defeated King Alfred, is in high favour at 100 to 8. Speculum, however, upon whose meritorious City and Suburban victory I have constantly dilated, will beat the Newmarket team, and Matthew Dawson is bound to be sanguine of his chance, considering how remarkably well his schoolmaster, Silenus, performed in the Prince of Wales's Handicap. Lady Elizabeth sits firm on her throne, despite the hostile demonstration of Friday, and her admirers experience no uneasiness, although it is not a little strange that her despised companion, The Earl, advanced to a forward position in the betting when it was rumoured that the difficulties standing between him and the Epsom starting post were in process of removal. No three-year-old seen out up to the present time has improved more than the son of Young Malbourne, who will never disgrace his high parentage and rising reputation. Had Moslem not been disqualified for the Derby and Leger by the death of the Marquis of Exeter he must have played a prominent part, and yet it is marvellous to think how he could have finished side by side with Formosa, as, eschewing the defeat of Resurrection in the Craven week, which now wears a different complexion, none of his performances would place him in the same category as a Two Thousand winner. Last year he was pounds below Blue Gown and The Earl at Doncaster and Newmarket, and also finished behind St. Angela, Naiveté, and Adosinda in a Maiden Plate at "head-quarters," while this year he received lumps of weight from Speculum at Epsom, and again at Northampton could not hold his own with Ironmaster at even weights, the Belvoir Castle victory at Croton reading nothing out of the common. He is certainly the best animal ever bred at Barghley, and had the dead heat been run off the common impression is that he would have won, as with the One Thousand starting Formosa in the face, Fordham first suggested to Mr. Graham the policy of seeking a division, which was acquiesced in by Mr. Crawford with the honourable feelings to be expected from a gentleman of his refined taste and position. Ill-natured critics condemned the Two Thousand form unmercifully on the score of a bad pace, which left the field all of a heap to the Bushes, and raised their arguments to a louder pitch when St. Roman failed to make a fight with the mysterious and inscrutable Suffolk over the Ditch Mile, although, for the matter of that, they were paid back in their own coin, as Lord Stamford subsequently entered Vale Royal, in a Hundred Pound Plate with Lanerct and Hippia, and, putting a stable boy up, the son of Stockwell and July came through and cut the old uns down in a canter. Of course, after the miserable and ridiculous exhibition on Tuesday, Lord Stamford refused to back his colt at the most tempting prices, and he might well be chastised at the result, as even a tyro in racing matters would not attempt to reconcile the two performances. I understand that the Lord of Epsville backed Vale Royal in the Two Thousand to win upwards of £40,000, and he may well be mortified under existing circumstances. For Formosa to divide the Two Thousand and win One Thousand was a great feather in the cap of a second season stallion; and the beautiful daughter of Elton showed a marked superiority over the opponents of her own sex, Green Sleeve declining to renew the previous battle, and I shall not be surprised if the Middle Park heroine is an absentee also for the Derby. Lady Coventry sported a faded buff and purple striped jacket of the Day Middleton era, and the re-appearance of Lord Jersey on the Heath was warmly welcomed; but the daughter of Thormanby ran a thorough non-stay. Athena actually beating her in their places. Franchise is a very successful successor to Savernake, and Virtue has not trained on, so the Oaks already looks a paper match between Lady Elizabeth and Formosa, whose renewal of the Middle Park Plate strife will be a feature indeed, if it succeeds first in dressing over the sterner sex in the Derby. Blue Gown credited Sir Joseph Hawley with a couple of wins over the T.Y.C., both exhibitions of character, and he continues to be the pet idol of the public, and with so much covering money in the market he is likely to be almost as good a favourite as Rosierucian up to the day, the latter, however, having my unreserved preference. The memorable match between Hermit and Julius, which forms a fitting comparison to the Flying Dutchman and Voligeur affair at York, created immense interest to the last, and the struggle was worthy of the principals to the half distance, where, nature giving way, the delicate Hermit stopped to nothing, and enabled the distressed Julius to confirm my choice by a couple of lengths. Poor Hermit has endured many misfortunes, since he started the world by winning the Derby, and Cautance has certainly had some ill-luck with the "rose" champion *par excellence*; nevertheless no jockey could have ridden with more judgment, and the remarks made to the disparagement of this popular horseman are neither just nor true. After his two distressing struggles with Julius, Hermit will require a long rest, as his mouth was full of blood when he pulled up, and he could scarcely move, so that Mr. Chaplin acted wisely in paying forfeit to the Palmer, who has filled out into a good horse, and ran most creditably in a couple of handicaps with big weights. Oswain Glyndwr put Viridis out of court for the Chester Cup, and settled himself by pulling up lame after a three mile sweepstake, and the Whitwell gelding Taraban also made short work of Allesbury, Ines, and company. Mr. George Payne and Mr. Stephenson were the principal winners over the Two Thousand, the former being a devout worshipper of Moslem, and Fordham took a long lead of his contemporaries in the saddle, winning twelve races outright, dividing the big event, and walking over for the Newmarket Stakes. Both Challoner and Fordham received some distinguished compliments upon their brilliant "set-to," and it is remarkable how often they have come together in the classic races—Macaroni's Derby, The Marquis's Leger, and Vauban's Newmarket Biennial to wit.—ASMORFUS.

CHESTER CUP.

Paul Jones	1
Goodwood	2
Beauty	3
Seventeen ran,				

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF PAINTING.

THE doors of the Paris Exhibition of Painting were thrown open on Friday, and the galleries were crowded to suffocation. In the Salon d'Honneur the present dynasty is amply represented; the well-known features of Napoleon III. appear in various pictures, either alone or with the Czar and King of Prussia on that review day which nearly had a fatal termination. The Empress appears doing duty as a Sister of Mercy at Amiens. The first Emperor comes back to us in various episodes of his eventful career. In one picture he is pointing out to some generals the weak point in the defences of Toulon; in another work General Bonaparte, long-haired and gloomy, is shown in a salon of the period; in a third he is returning from Elba; in a fourth he is ploughing at St. Helena. In the Salon d'Honneur, also figure the coronation of the King of Prussia and an incident during the campaign of 1866. Gérôme's "Calvary" is remarkable for its strange atmospheric effects, if for nothing else. His "Death of Ney" is very characteristic of his style. The marshal lies on his face in front of a wall chipped by the bullets which missed him. He is clad in a plain black suit, and has fallen decently with his black cloak around him, his hat being on the ground hard by. The treatment of the subject is all the more impressive that the dead Marshal is completely isolated. The firing party is marching away, but the officer in command looks back. The nudes are few, and not more than two are worthy of notice—an Aurora gracefully drawn and tinted with Pompadour colours, and a more modern divinity, perhaps rather too florid, reclining on a couch. Gustave Doré exhibits a souvenir of Spain, rather an indistinct one; in a group of eight or ten figures there is hardly anything

STATUES.

THE statues in course of erection at the India and the Foreign Offices do not appear to be approved by the House of Lords. Lord Redesdale inquired what had been the cost of making and erecting the four statues placed against the pilasters at the south-west angle of the India Office, affirming that he was quite at a loss to conceive whom they were intended to represent, whether Governor-Generals of India, or cities of India, or rivers of India. Lord Malmesbury replied that the four statues referred to had cost £847, but would give no clue which could lead to their identification. Lord Redesdale rejoined that at that rate £1,000 would be spent in erecting the forty statues, which are not only unsightly, but are, from their position, offensive to very rule of architecture. Lord Taunton took the opportunity of recording his opinion that the statues of English monarchs recently placed in Westminster Hall are just as bad as those stuck up outside the India Office, and suggested that instead of introducing amongst them, as has been proposed, the statue of Oliver Cromwell, it will be far better to expel them all from the noble hall which they now "vulgarize by their presence."

DOORWAY OF FOUNTAINS HALL, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

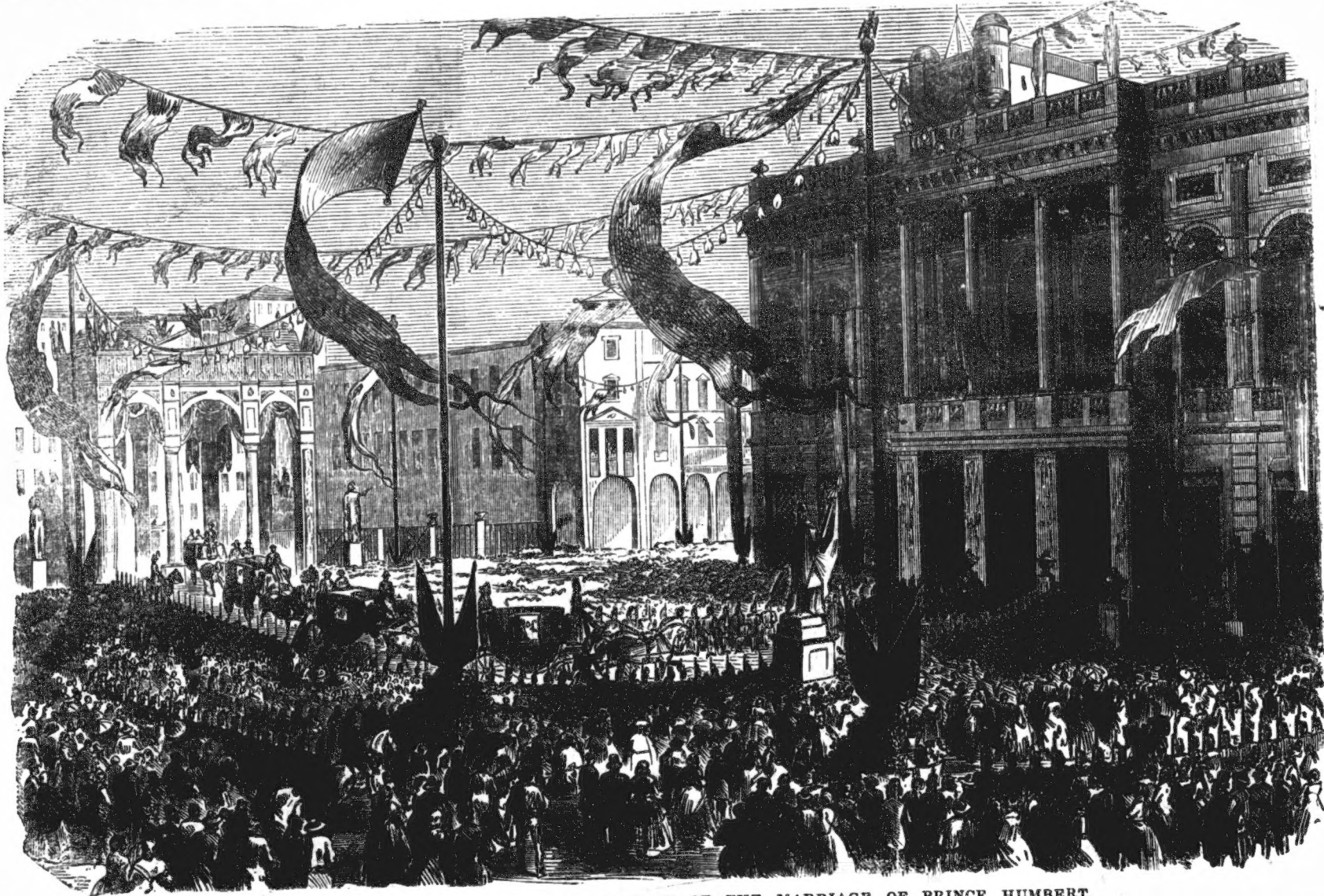
FOUNTAINS ABBEY is situated near the Skell River, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was founded for Cistercians, in 1132. The remains, partly Norman, cover a space of about two acres. Much of these remains went to build Fountains Hall, of which we give an engraving of its doorway.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HUMBERT.

PRINCE HUMBERT and his bride, says a correspondent, made their solemn entry into Florence on a Thursday morning. The weather was magnificent, the civic decorations were all completed, and presented a very pretty effect; everything, in short, contributed to enhance the splendour of this important national event. The richly ornamented stage-carriage that bore the bride and bridegroom was drawn by eight horses. Next followed, in accordance with a sapient and time-honoured usage, an empty carriage with a team of equal force. After them came Prince Amadeus, the Prince of Carignano, and the young Duke of Genoa, in a coach and six; after them two maids of honour, accompanied by the Marquis of Gualterio and another functionary; then three more coaches freighted with various Court officials. The procession was headed by 50 of the new Cuirassiers, and the remaining 50 brought up the rear. It was a courteous and decorous affair, but, at the same time, decidedly Florentine, that is to say, cold and unexpansive, in spite of the presence of (it is said) 60,000 strangers from other parts of the country and from abroad. But, perhaps, the visitors were infected by the prevailing coolness, and thought it the right thing to adopt the "grand air" of the capital.

THE BRITISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

MR. THORNTON, the British Minister at Washington, has thus far given satisfaction to the people among whom he is thrown, notwithstanding his lack of a title and aristocratic connections. But unless the despatch from Ottawa is more than usually inaccurate, he has brought himself into collision with the Governor-



REJOICINGS AT FLORENCE ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HUMBERT.

meritorious, with the exception of an old beggar's head. This year we miss Meissouier's miniatures from the salon; Protais of course furnishes some fair and rather wooden soldiers, which breathe a better atmosphere than they deserve; Dubufe exhibits a capital likeness of Prince Demidoff; Corot shows us morning and evening in two landscapes, in which the light is exactly similar and terribly cold and wintry, though the foliage, that smudgy foliage in which Corot delights, clothes the trees with summer verdure. In one gallery there is a picture of seven donkeys drinking at a well, and though the Emperor has seven Ministers it was not refused admission. There is a scene from Rabelais, painted in touches as broad as the humour of the old curé of Meudon, and intensely ludicrous. Another comic picture is that of a Briton in Paris looking with a very forced grin at the caricature known as 'l'Anglais à Mabile.'

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shillings per bottle. Her Zylabalsam for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

Let not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC ABROAD.

FOR what may be called the posthumous season of the Italian opera in Paris, an opera by Prince Poniatowski has been provided.

Mr. Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" is in preparation at the Théâtre Lyrique. We are curious as to the fate of this opera—ranking it, as we do, among its facile composer's works, far lower than his

"Les Quatre Fils Aymon," written by him expressly for Paris. At the Théâtre de l'Athénée, in the same capital, which was planned to be a "calm and classical" concert-room under the auspices of that excellent conductor, M. Pasdeloup, and from which, because of such calmness and classicism, his entertainment has been turned out of doors—a new operetta, "Fleur de Thé," by MM. Chivot, Duru, and Lecocq, has made a "great success," we are assured.

It is said that the receipts on the first nights of M. Auber's last opera (we dare not say his newest) produced at the Opéra Comique, have exceeded those reaped from any former work—the imperishable "Domino Noir" not forgotten.

A new opera, "Am Runenstein," by M. Von Flotow, has been given at Prague; and, we are assured, with success. But, to believe the assurances of journalists, we are living in a golden time, when there are no failures.

A PRISON INTERVIEW.—The Dublin Nation states the character of a prison interview of two gentlemen of position, "ardent supporters of the present Ministry," with Mr. Sullivan, its editor, when overtures were made to him—as he considers on behalf of the Government—offering him his release "on condition that his journal should in future be conducted in a more moderate tone," as he interpreted the communication, that "he should give his parole of honour so to manage his paper as not to displease the Government." This offer he "indignantly rejected." The Nation adds "It is difficult to write with calmness on such a subject. The Government that condescends to haggle with a prisoner who is in their power can have a very inadequate idea of the dignity which ought to belong, and the responsibility which does belong, to those who bear the sword of justice." The same transaction is alluded to in the Irishman.

General of Canada. The alleged abduction from the limits of the dominion of a man named Macdonald by United States officers has been a subject of correspondence between the two Governments for some time past. Mr. Thornton, as the telegram implies, "accepted Mr. Seward's explanations," although it is difficult to understand how he could act upon such a matter without consultation with Lord Monck. The affair was specially within the authority of the Governor-General of Canada, and Mr. Thornton's abrupt settlement of it appears to have given his Excellency offence. At any rate, we read that Lord Monck has laid the correspondence before the Canadian House of Commons, and "severely censured" Mr. Thornton. Probably, however, the British Minister will be able to give satisfactory explanations to his chiefs.

MAKING A GOOD LIVING.—A man named Payne has been making a good living for some time past by travelling through the towns of the midland district in the character of an inspector of weights and measures. The business was so profitable that he was enabled to employ an assistant named Shaw, to whom he paid regular wages, and who has just been committed for trial by the Wednesbury magistrates, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. Payne used to go to all the small provision shops that lay in his route, and introducing himself as an inspector, demand to be shown the scales. After examining them critically, he would direct Shaw, who meanwhile stood in the background with a basket of tools over his shoulder, to file a little off one or other of the scales, and for this service he demanded a fee varying from 3s. to 6s., according to the appearance of the shop. Payne is at the present time serving a term of six months' imprisonment, but on his release he will be taken into custody on some of the numerous charges which the police are in a position to bring home to him.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

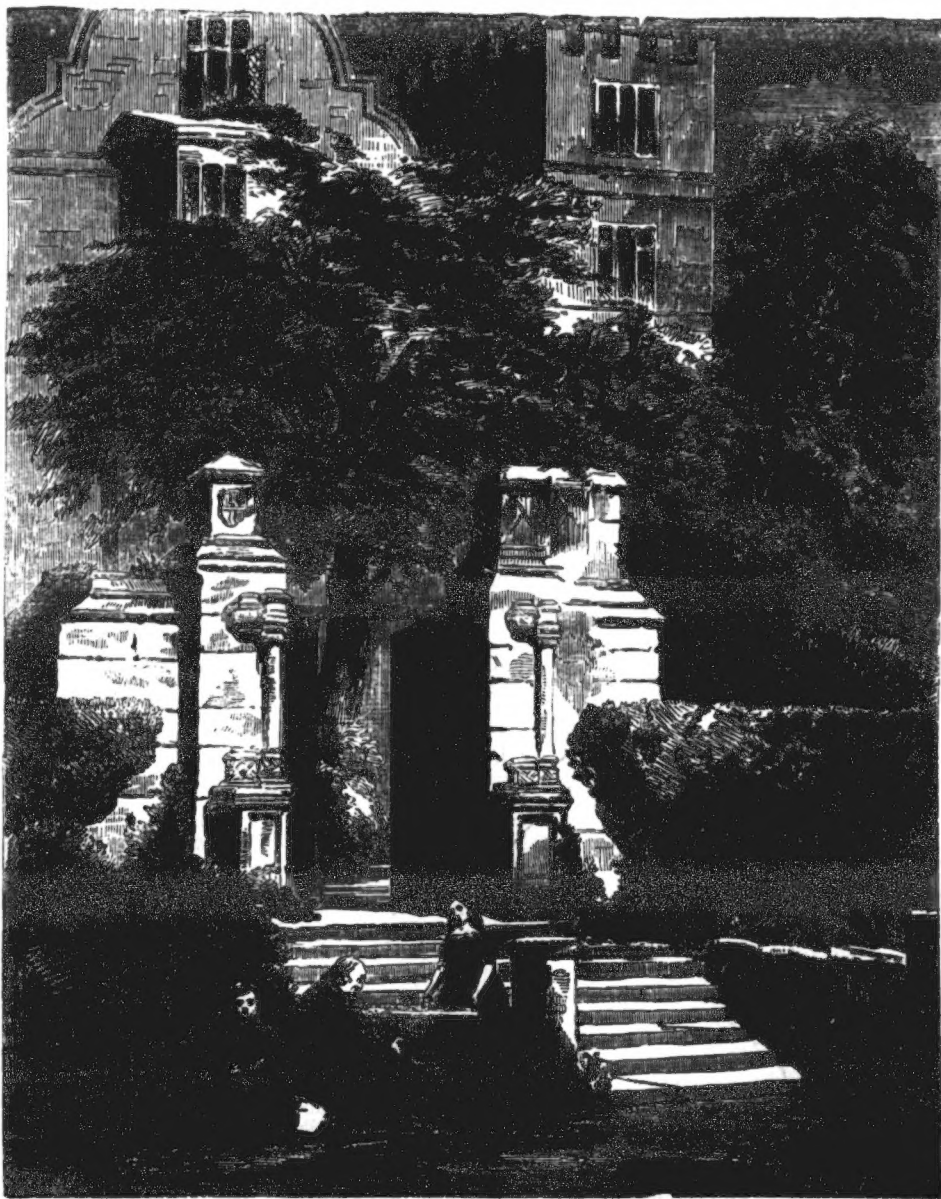
BANQUET TO MR. DICKENS
IN AMERICA.

MR. GREELEY opened the oratorical work with a very pleasant speech, reciting how, thirty-four years before, he had printed in the first number of the first journal with which his name was connected one of Mr. Dickens's earlier stories, and how he had amused himself in Venice with a book which he could not read—"David Copperfield" in Italian. Turning towards Mr. Dickens, he said, "And so I claim a sort of humble connection with the prophet and priest of humanity who is our guest to-night." He continued:—

"Friends and Fellow-labourers,—We honour ourselves to-night in honouring the most successful, the most thoroughly successful, literary man of our time—(applause)—a man who we may proudly say is not ashamed of having come up, as most of us have come up, from the lower rounds of the ladder of the press, and though none of us have reached such a height as he has, still, I say, his success is a sign of hope and encouragement to every one of us. We are each successful in his triumph, in seeing what he has done, how nobly, how worthily, he has done it; with what thorough success he has preached the gospel of humanity, until even nobles and kings have listened in admiration. I say we have, in this success of his, an encouragement to every one of us, saying, 'Go up higher.'"

Mr. Dickens returned thanks. The following are the most interesting and significant passages in the speech:—

"I might have been contented with troubling you no further from my present standing-point, were it not a duty with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here but on every suitable occasion, whatsoever and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity. (Great applause.) Also, to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes that I have seen around me on every side, changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the press, without whose advancement no advancement can take place anywhere. (Applause.) Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose that in five-and-twenty years there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first. (A voice, 'Noble,' and applause.) . . . But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon (and this is the confidence I seek to place in you) is, on my return to England, in my own person, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes in this country as I have hinted at to-night. (Immense applause.) Also, to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. (Applause.) This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be re-published, as an appendix to every copy of those two books of mine in which I have referred to America. (Tremendous applause.) And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honour. ('Bravo,' and cheers.) Gentlemen, the transition from my own feeling toward and interest in America to those of the mass of my countrymen, seems to be a natural one; but whether or no, I make it with an express object. I was asked in this very city, about last Christmas time, whether an American was not at some disadvantage in England, as a foreigner. The notion of an American being regarded in England as a foreigner at all, of his ever being thought of or spoken of in that character, was so uncommonly incongruous and absurd to me that my gravity was, for the moment, quite overpowered. As soon as it was restored, I said that for years and years past I hoped I had had as many American friends, and had received as many



THE DOORWAY OF FOUNTAINS HALL, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

American visitors as almost any Englishman living—(applause)—and that my unvarying experience, fortified by theirs, was that it was enough in England to be an American to be received with the readiest respect and recognition everywhere. . . . The Englishman who shall humbly strive, as I hope to do, to be in England as faithful to America as to England herself, has no previous conceptions to contend against. ('Good,' 'Good,' and cheers.) Points of difference there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be between the two great peoples. But broadest in England is sown the sentiment that

Dickens's, the speech of the evening; a good speech—just alike to severe upon that habit of vituperation—vices, especially American journalists.

Mr. Dickens is said to have made £50,000 by his readings in America.

THE SPIRITS IN CHANCERY.

MR. HOMS may be a very honest person, and may have only used the supernatural powers which he cannot help exercising.

But, taking him at his own word, his honesty leads to very odd results. In other words, the spirit world does business in a way which, if it is to be authorised by an English court, must entail the necessity of a new code, not only of morality, but of law, for this every-day world. However true the spirit-revelation may be, the question is, whether we are to allow them to be other than undue influences. The spirits may be very virtuous, pious, pure, disinterested, and righteous, and might arrange mundane things better than we do; but their sort of purity and righteousness is quite incompatible with our poor unspiritual society, such as it is. And therefore we cannot come to an understanding with the spirits. In other words, the Vice-Chancellor will have to notify to all and singular spirits and souls of the righteous and unrighteous, to all witches and wizards, ghosts and ghost-seers, goblins and mediums, that wills dictated by the spirits will be set aside.—*Sat. Review.*



MAY DAY IN NORMANDY.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera.—La Traviata. Half-past Eight.
HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.
LYCEUM.—The Japanese. Eight.
OLYMPIC.—The Head of a Family—Black Sheep—Hit and Miss; or, All My Eye and Betty Martyn. Seven.
ADRIAN.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play—A Silent Protector. Eight.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Doing for the Best—The First Night—Oliver Twist. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara.—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Post Boy—The White Fawn—Honeydove's Troubles. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
SURREY.—Poor Humanity—The Trapper Trapped. Seven.
STANDARD.—The Duchess of Malfi—A Royal Marriage. Seven.
BRITANNIA.—Oliver Twist—The Wolf of the Pyrenees. Quarter before Seven.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TISSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HOLBORN.—Half-past Eight.
POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

THOMAS M'CLOUGHYRN (Ireland).—We know no journal such as you describe. Try the "London Herald," which combines information with amusement.

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The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

ONE AND THE SAME.

We have always said that a war between this country and America would be a most suicidal proceeding. It would resemble an unholy conflict between mother and son, for the Americans speak our own language, spring from the same stock, and are heartily English in feeling and descent. The visit of Mr. Charles Dickens to the United States has done a great deal to cement an *entente cordiale* between the two nations. We know that the Americans and ourselves are one and the same, and our cousins across the Atlantic are beginning to recognise the fact, in spite of the mischievous harangues of noisy politicians, who only mislead the ignorant, and do not represent the people. Very noteworthy was the speech which Mr. Dickens delivered on the eve of his departure from America, and which we report in another part of our paper. The occasion was indeed memorable—not only in the life of the hero of the evening, but in the common history of two great and kindred nations. Little more than half a year ago there was a gathering in London to bid farewell to the greatest living master of English fiction on his departure for the New World. At that meeting well nigh all the men whose names rank high in the existing fraternity of English writers were collected together. We may say now without fear of being misunderstood that that gathering had something of a national as well as a personal character. It was not only that our English men of letters desired to pay honour to the master of their craft, but that they desired to show by their presence that Charles Dickens went out to the Great Republic as the chosen representative of English authorship. The events of the late war, and the part which many English writers had taken in their commitments upon American institutions, had created an impression across the Atlantic that the literary mind of the mother country was estranged from the grandest of her progeny. And, we may frankly own, that many

things which the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and the "American Notes" had himself written had contributed to strengthen such an impression. Under these circumstances, it was felt desirable to show that our great novelist was going to visit America once more, less as the creator of a hundred characters than as the living representative of that grand army of writers who, in the New World as in the Old, uphold the traditional glories of English letters. That the claim would be acknowledged there as it is here, that the gratitude which all English-speaking men owe to Dickens would supersede the passing and local irritation at any of his strong utterances, was the conviction of those in England who planned and carried to a successful issue the banquet at the Freemasons' Hall. Their conviction has been more than justified by the result. From the day that Mr. Dickens landed to the day when he sailed from America on his voyage homewards, his visit has been marked with the most cordial goodwill, with the heartiest esteem. Everywhere the citizens of the Northern States have crowded to see the face and listen to the voice of the man whose name is a household word in every American, as in every English home. The mere pecuniary success which has attended the tour, great as it may be, is insignificant as compared with the evidence which it has afforded, that political dissensions and diplomatic feuds have not in any way weakened the deep permanent ties which unite together nations who read the same books and converse in the same language. The banquet at New York which terminated the visit was no unfitting pendant to the celebration which inaugurated it. At Delmonico's, as at the Freemasons' Tavern, the guest of the hour owed his welcome to the fact that his name is dear and honoured to all who write the English tongue. That such was the true meaning and purport of the demonstration held in his honour Mr. Dickens himself perceived, and he illustrated the fact with that marvellous happiness of diction which has rendered him the first of English social orators. The words spoken on that occasion should be remembered in London, as well as in New York. On both sides of the Atlantic we have many things to learn of each other, much to forget, something to forgive. "Points of difference," as Mr. Dickens said, "there have been, points of difference there are, points of difference there probably always will be between the two great peoples." But these differences need never lead to dissensions, if we cherish the conviction of the great truth which alone rendered possible the success of Mr. Dickens's visit—that, after all, we are one and the same people. As a nation we are on the most friendly terms with France, and it will not be our fault if we do not long remain so; yet Frenchmen can never be to us what Americans are by virtue of their race. The one simple circumstance that in talking to an American, alone amongst foreigners, we can use our own tongue and quote our own books constitutes a bond of fellowship. Our quarrels, while they last, may be for the moment more bitter, just as family feuds are the most violent. But when the passion has passed over, the kinship remains, and common thoughts, common memories, common ties of blood bind us together more powerfully than any considerations of interest or of policy. Englishmen, who learn with pleasure that Charles Dickens has returned home, may feel that his life is henceforth only half their own. We could wish Americans to feel that they, too, had part and parcel equally with us in our great English writer. Seas may separate us, but the commonwealth of letters knows of no nationalities except those of language, recognises no division of allegiance between all who speak our language. We trust sincerely that a *causa belli* will never arise, between England and America, and if one should arise that diplomacy and the good feeling of the two great nations will avert the horrible calamity of a fratricidal war.

ABSINTHE.

The indulgence in absinthe which already prevails to a great extent among all classes of Frenchmen threatens to become as widespread in France as in injurious there as opium eating is in China. If a visitor to Paris strolls along the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Bastille some summer's evening, between five and six o'clock—which is commonly called "the hour of absinthe"—he can hardly fail to remark hundreds of Parisians seated outside the various cafés or lounging at the counters of the wine-shops and imbibing this insidious stimulant. At particular cafés, the Café de la Madeleine, for example, out of fifty idlers seated at the little round tables forty-five will be found thus engaged. But it is not on the boulevards alone that absinthe is the special five o'clock beverage. In most of the wine shops in the faubourgs, in the "Quartier Latin," and round about the Ecole Militaire, you may see at that particular hour workmen, students, soldiers, clerks, charbonniers, chiffonniers even, mixing their customary draughts of emerald-tinted poison and watching the fantastic movements of the fluid as it sinks to the bottom of the glass; wherein it turns from green to an almost milky white at the moment when the perfumes of the various aromatic plants from which it is distilled disengage themselves. A quarter of a century ago absinthe was the drink of French coachmen, groomes, and footmen, and people of the lowest class; to-day its most ardent lovers are to be found among educated and well-to-do Parisians. Literary men, professors, artists, actors, musicians, financiers, speculators, shopkeepers, even women, yield themselves up to its seductive influence—to those undeliberate provocations which seem, they say, to impart renewed activity to an enfeebled brain, developing a world of new ideas, and which thus, it is believed, have inspired many a noble work of imagination in literature and art. It may be so; but then those who habitually excite the brain with absinthe soon discover that they can produce positively nothing without its aid, and that a time arrives when heavy stupor supersedes that excitement of the intellectual faculties which once seemed so easy and so harmless.

GREAT BATTLE IN AFGHANISTAN.—A Bombay telegram, which has occupied eleven days in transmission, says that a great battle has been fought in Afghanistan between Sirdar Mahomed Yakoub Khan, Governor of Herat, and the reigning Ameer, which resulted in a great victory for the former, who captured Kandahar, took the Ameer's brother prisoner, and proclaimed Shere Ali ruler of Afghanistan.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is probable that Mr. Disraeli suggested to Her Majesty that the Crown should still graciously accord its confidence to the present Administration until such necessary legislation had been accomplished as must be preliminary to a real appeal to the people, subject, however, to the acquiescence of the House of Commons in such a provisional arrangement. This would doubtless be an anomalous proceeding, but, as the circumstances are wholly unprecedented, it would be idle to complain of the comparative novelty of the proposal. The first condition on which the House may consent to such an arrangement would be that the Government shall confine the legislation of the session to the measures which are absolutely necessary to the transaction of public business and to the completion of parliamentary reform. The next must be that the bills for the reform of the representation of Scotland and Ireland shall be presented as no more than the skeletons of Acts of Parliament, to be modified in any way the House of Commons may desire. No clause, no principle of them, must be put forward as determining the fate of the Ministry. The Ministry, in fact, as a body directing the course of legislation can die but once, and it is dead. It may for certain purposes be regarded as in a state of semi-animation, to be revived again should the reformed constituencies approve its policy; but at best it has no more than a possibility of life. Another condition is that there must be no more fighting over Mr. Gladstone's resolutions in the House of Commons. The second and third must be accepted *pro forma*, without discussion and without division, as expressing the determinate opinion of the existing House. That Her Majesty should be advised to give a gracious answer to the third, as a means of facilitating further discussion, is a matter of course. It may be that nothing would follow upon them. As Mr. Gladstone, on Thursday night, prudently declined as an independent member to undertake the work of a responsible Minister of the Crown, in submitting a complete scheme for the disendowment of the Irish Church, he may properly abstain from introducing a bill into Parliament while sitting on the Opposition benches. But this cannot affect the obligations of the Government, supposing they retain their position after the division. If they remain in office, they must accept the consequences.—Times.

WAR OR DISARMAMENT.

It is impossible that matters can go on long on the Continent on the present footing. Europe is playing soldiers at too ruinous a rate. War, as the Emperor of the French teaches us, might be endured for the sake of its "fortunate chances." Peace is at all times desirable on account of its "blessed security." But a state of things which is neither war nor peace is a game in which all lose. Its termination is a necessity for the people—a matter in which the Governments will hardly be allowed any chance. For the last two years France has wanted neither pretexts nor opportunities, any more, perhaps, than inclination, to go to war. She simply could not make up her mind; the odds have not been, and are not sufficiently on her side. It is by no means easy to prove that it is less inexpedient for France to go to war now than it was two years since, or that it may be two years hence. Whatever might be alleged as to her unprepared state two years ago could only be referable to her means of attack. For mere defensive purposes she has been at all times more than sufficiently ready. If France had really allowed other nations to get the start of her, we do not see what she has done or what she can do to recover lost ground. At her ruinous rate of expenditure, every day must needs take away from her the real sinews of war. War has sometimes been described as the natural state of man; what is not natural is this armed peace—this peace of the Second Empire, more wasteful of men and treasure than even the campaigns of the First. It is well the responsibility should be felt where it most lies. "When France is satisfied," we have learnt to think with the Emperor Napoleon, "the world is at rest." There can be no war in Europe except of France's own making. It is for the Emperor Napoleon to speak out, and speak out in a language that may not lend itself to more than one interpretation.—Times.

THE INCREASE IN OUR EXPENDITURE.

As the Government for the day is supreme in matters of finance, the constitutional check of the House of Commons can only be effectually exercised by putting into office men who undertake to keep the expenditure down. Mr. Disraeli's system of defying the House of Commons' control is made conspicuous even in those departments of which the House is constitutionally and practically most jealous. Three hundred thousand pounds are stated by Mr. Ward Hunt himself to have been spent on the army, navy, and civil service last year in excess of the estimates which Parliament voted. Will any one venture to guess how much may be spent this year beyond what Parliament is now asked to vote? It is time the system should stop, and that the House should do its duty towards a Ministry which avows its disregard for the Constitution, and imposes intolerable burdens on the nation at the time when it is least able to bear them.—Daily News.

FOREIGN OPINIONS ON THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN.

Profoundly as the British public were moved by the news of the capture of Magdala, it may be doubted whether the impression created by the success of the expedition on the most important peoples abroad has not been even yet deeper. The discipline, the forethought, the fertility of resource, the irresistible order of the march, the coolness and absence of fuss, the solid display of power, have strongly moved the mind of Europe, and raised old England in the scale of public estimation. But what most astonished the Continentals is, that we have kept faith; that having done what we announced our intention of doing, we set our face homeward, content with the accomplishment of a mighty labour undertaken to vindicate outraged humanity and the insulted Majesty of England. Even to this hour foreigners can scarcely believe that we were sincere. We can afford to smile at the scepticism of our foreign friends, and are quiet content to wait for that indisputable demonstration of truth which is furnished by unanswerable facts. We do not deny that England has strengthened her position in the East by the Abyssinian expedition; but that is an indirect consequence of the imperative reasons which rendered the expedition inevitable. Another consequence is the death and burial of a crude idea that our power as a nation had departed. It has been made plain to the meanest capacity, not only that we have a vast reserve of power, but that for adequate cause we are prepared to exert it, and that the detention of a few British subjects by a savage potentate is enough, without any scheme of aggrandisement, to set a small but sufficient part of that reserve in motion.—Telegraph.

THE POSITION OF THE MINISTRY.

Surely the Ministry is, of all Ministries heard of by this generation, the most unlucky. Weak in itself, composed of men holding radically different opinions, discredited by Mr. Disraeli's incessant blunders, and with no kind of real power in the House of Commons, it had, as it was thought, one undeniable source of strength. It had the countenance, the affectionate support, and the tender care of Lord Derby. All of a sudden this friend and protector has, although in a friendly and protecting way, done his best to damage it. Nothing could exceed the glaring impropriety and imprudence of the course taken by Lord Derby last Tuesday. The life which the Ministry will lead for the next three months, if they do what Lord Derby tells them to do, will be a most

dismal one. To dissolve now will be in no way justified by the position of the Ministry, and they had much better resign at once. It is entirely for Mr. Disraeli to judge, and if he likes to go through the misery of trying to manage the House for three months more, in face of a hostile and resolute majority, he will be justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case in taking that course. But both for his own credit and in the interests of his party, which is infinitely stronger on Church questions when in opposition, and also to avoid exposing parliamentary government to a severe and painful test, his best course would be to resign at once. It is true that, of all courses he could take, this would be the most dangerous and embarrassing to the Liberal party; but he cannot be expected to care much about this, and at any rate it is for himself to decide whether he will retain office merely to oblige his adversaries.—*Saturday Review*.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

We point one moral of the Abyssinian expedition—the value of Anglo-Indians. The grand danger of Englishmen, Americans, and probably one may add Germans, is a tendency to stereotype capacity, to produce an ever-increasing number of instruments all very much alike. India breaks, as far as administration is concerned, that injurious monotony. The Indian fearlessness of responsibility, the spirit which in 1852 induced a marching Lieutenant to issue a manifesto declaring a small independent State “annexed” to British dominion—which act the Government were compelled silently to confirm—would in Europe destroy discipline; but in Asia, it is occasionally very beneficial to have an officer, like Sir Robert Napier, who, having fulfilled the object of a war, dare stake his success again upon a further attempt,—venture of his own motion to offer a king the alternative of surrender or capture. Persons of the Rajah Brooke kind—Rajah Brooke was, perhaps, of all men, the typical Anglo-Indian—daring, ambitious, slightly unscrupulous, with a capacity for reducing half-civilised men to civilised order, would, as rulers of England, be worse than useless, but a proportion of servants of that kind adds immensely to the strength of the nation which possesses them. There are, at this moment, a hundred officers in India quite ready to assume the government of Abyssinia, and half of them if maintained in power for three months would succeed in establishing their authority. That fact produces a very dangerous wish among Anglo-Indians to hold Abyssinia, but if that were British policy—which it decidedly is not—the existence of those officers would indefinitely simplify the task. The next time we have to employ force in any part of Asia we trust that the Abyssinian precedent will not be forgotten—that the chief of the expedition will be selected in India, and that when selected he will be left, like Sir Robert Napier, to exert the special and most effective form of capacity which Indian experience breeds.—*Economist*.

THE BULLET v. THE HALTER.

It is possible to discover some mode of capital punishment superior to the English one, which involves at least two very great evils, the infliction of the torture and the existence of an officer of State degraded by the law below all human companionship. The object of civilised society is always to inflict death in the manner which involves the strongest appeal to the imagination with the shortest duration of suffering for the criminal; and hanging does not secure either end in the highest degree obtainable. The guillotine does, but the guillotine has, like the headman's axe, political associations which will always forbid its introduction among English speaking people. So does the garrote, but the garrote looks cruel, and is therefore as demoralising as if it were cruel, and, like the guillotine, it requires the existence of a specially appointed executioner. The singular method of punishment invented by Rajah Brooke, which cured a nation of murderers of the habit of murder, is perhaps suited only to exceptional circumstances. Any man accused of the capital offence had a full hearing before a jury of his countrymen, who, after receiving and weighing all evidence, gave in their verdict by simple “No” or “Yes.” If it was “No” the accused walked out free, an arrangement peculiar to England and Sarawak; if “Yes,” the judge dropped his hand, and the criminal fell dead at the bar, the executioner's creese having passed through his heart. For some reason which it would be difficult fully to explain, but which is probably the unconscious effect of a belief in the sanctity of the body, of the right even of criminals to escape mutilation, one of the most awful yet most instantaneous of punishments, blowing from a cannon, excites in most European minds a thrill of horror so deep that its use would probably tend to demoralise the national conscience. There remains, however, one punishment which excites no such horror *naturalis*, which is in the highest degree impressive, yet which is in no degree cruel, and that is the one hitherto reserved for military offences—death by the bullet. It is admitted that if properly arranged this mode of death involves little suffering, while it is, perhaps, of all others, and especially when inflicted in secret, the most impressive of penalties. Death within twenty-four hours of sentence by military execution, would be at once the most humane and the most impressive of all forms of capital punishment.—*Spectator*.

PROBABLE RISE IN THE MONEY MARKET.

The value of money will probably soon rise, from the co-operation of several small causes. For one thing, the demand for capital has a little increased. As to our bullion is not likely to be treasured upon. Neither the United States nor Russia—our largest creditors for corn—are likely to require bullion; and though other nations may require some, there are considerable supplies to be looked for both from America and from Australia. The cotton drain of bullion has now become trifling, and, therefore, we cannot expect that the demand for bullion is now likely to have much influence on our money market. As to our credit, though it may seem absurd to say so, a rise in the Bank rate would act as a tonic to it. The depression was first caused by unbounded speculation; but since the failure of Overend and Gurney, trade has been cautious and bargains have been good enough. The effect continues, though the cause is past; but many men are afraid, believing or apprehending that the cause is there still. A rise in the value of money would tend to dispel this impression. But though a small rise in the value of money is probable, any great rise is impossible, the great accumulation of gold in the Bank of France is enough to prevent it; if the English rate far exceed the French rate, the French money will come hither and reduce our rate towards theirs.—*Economist*.

MISSING FOR FIVE DAYS.—A cow-boy in the service of Miss Burdett Coutts, at Holly Lodge, Highgate, on Friday discovered the body of a man lying in the grounds. The police were at once communicated with, and on examination it was seen that the man, who had apparently been dead three or four days, had a fearful gash in his throat, inflicted doubtless by a knife that was lying beside him. The body was identified as that of Mr. Bickerstaff, a greengrocer, of Gerrard-street, Soho, who had been missing for five days.

ADVICES FROM CRETE.—The Athens journals of the 25th ult. publish advices from Crete, according to which there was an engagement, lasting the whole day, on the 14th of April, at Apocrona, between the Turkish troops and the insurgents, the latter claiming to have been victorious. Mehmet Ali Pasha is said to have been in command of the Turkish forces. Other engagements are reported on the 11th, 12th, 15th, and 16th of April. The Greek journals assert that the Turkish troops have since committed great outrages. The Greek steamers Union and Crete continue to make voyages to Crete with provisions and munitions of war, returning with the families of the insurgents.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

PROCEED with the necessary thinning of apricots with all possible dispatch. Already in places the kernel is assuming consistency at an unusually early period. Do not force them, therefore, to undergo this process with more fruit than is absolutely needed to secure a good crop. Thin the shoots out upon these and all similar wall fruit trees, to the necessary amount. Many strong young shoots—ill and too thickly placed upon apricots, should be pinched off just above the third or fourth leaf, others, which form at the apex of the shoots, may be just stopped at the tips only. Fasten to the wall any required for the purpose of occupying vacancies as soon as they are of sufficient size, and before they grow out of shape, and beyond bounds. I find it necessary to repeat my former advice regarding insects. Already—and it is early for such visitors—green and black fly are exceedingly numerous upon both peaches, cherries, &c. The so-called new system of destruction by means of tobacco-dust, or powder, is much recommended for this purpose; but this, by the way, was much used some 20 or 30 years ago. Give strawberry beds another sousing with liquid manure if possible. After the past rains, and now when they are in full progress, this will prove of inestimable benefit to them. Where not already done, thin out the “suckers” issuing from the base of raspberries, leaving about four or five of the strongest best-placed canes only remaining to each.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Pansies, where cultivated with any degree of attention, should now have a good surface dressing of finely-sifted, well decomposed leaf-mould. Hustle it in amongst the branches of all good-sized plants, making it do duty at once as a “stay,” to prevent wind-waving, and also to induce the plentiful formation of fresh surface roots. Place the necessary supports to tall-growing herbaceous plants—delphiniums, herbaceous clematis, &c. Remove all flowers which have lost colour from plants of Gentiana. If left they impoverish the plants immensely in their effort to produce seed. This is one of the most lovely of spring-flowering plants. A row of *G. scutellaria* here has been absolutely dazzling when the sun shone upon it. Immediately auricles cease to be pleasing and the flowers decay, remove the old stalks, &c. Place the plants in a cool, shady situation, away from drip, and give the requisite amount of attention in the way of watering, &c. Too frequently inattention at this period is the cause of much failure and future ill-success in the culture of this quaint and interesting class of plants. Commence in earnest the hardening process with all plants intended for bedding-out, and finish potting off, and all necessary anticipatory preparations, with the view of making a good start. Window boxes, vases—rustic and others—which are to occupy prominent positions anon, should now be furnished with the necessary plants, if means exist for their proper protection from frosts or other future harsh weather between now and the 20th of May. And here let me observe, that the above date is the only safe one, following which perfect immunity from frosts can be relied upon. Those, then, who “leave little to chance,” should make all preliminary arrangements accordingly.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Harden off tomatoes, capricums, vegetable marrows, gherkins intended for out-door ridges, &c., and prepare the necessary places for planting them out at an early date. Sow a further supply of cauliflowers and cabbages for a succession. Earth up the former of these, which are now growing rapidly, and will therefore be much benefited thereby. Tie up lettuces, for the purpose of blanching, and transplant finally all seedling ones intended to succeed the latest autumn-sown ones. Continue earthing up successive plantings of potatoes as they push through the ground, primitively for the purpose of protecting them somewhat from frost, should such ensue, and to induce more freely the formation of roots. “Prick” out a successive batch of celery, and prepare the necessary trench for the reception of the earliest row, where sufficiently large for the purpose. Celery trenches are always best prepared in dry weather, and if somewhat before they are wanted, all the better. They are more easily supplied with the necessary dung during a dry period, and there is a chance that the latter may have a soaking of rain upon it before the time of planting, which by settling it down nicely makes it in a much better state for after progress than when the whole operation is undertaken on the “spur” of the moment. In regard to routine, I can but advise constant use of the hoe upon every favourable occasion.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

In May, nowadays, everybody's first thoughts are about bedding-out, what plants to use, and how to group them. There is a large number of amateurs whose means will not permit of their buying much, and who depend greatly on the chance of some of their wealthier neighbours having more than they want, and being able to give them a few of their surplus plants when their own bedding-out is finished. To their attention we would particularly commend the practice of plunging the pots in the ground instead of turning out the plants. Of course it is necessary to take care that the pots are large enough to admit of each plant developing a proper quantity of roots, otherwise there will not be a healthy development of branches, foliage, and flowers. If the size of the pot is judiciously chosen, with due regard to the habit of the plant, a greater display of flowers will frequently result where the roots are thus slightly pot-bound than would have appeared if the roots had been allowed to roam freely in the open ground. Most people must have observed the autumnal appearance of common pelargoniums, which then produce an excessive proportion of leaves to flowers as the roots get more hold of the ground and spread more widely. Plunging the plants in pots would much check this undesirable development of too much foliage, and would prolong the period of flowering.

Another advantage in the adoption of this plan, consists in the control which it enables one to exercise over the proper soil for the plants to grow in. Around London, for instance, the soil of most gardens is a heavy clay, in which chrysanthemums delight, but carnations and verbenas dwindle and die, because they want rich sandy loam to grow in, with certain proportions of leaf-mould and manure. Now by growing each plant in a foot of its own proper soil you may get them all to do well in close proximity by plunging the pots.

A further advantage, and one of considerable importance to the more inexperienced amongst amateurs, consists in the readiness with which the position of a plant may be changed without disturbing its roots, a proceeding which is sure to check its growth for some time, and most probably to cause it to shed its leaves. If a plant is not looking well, or not flowering as expected, it may be from the place where it is growing being too hot, or too windy, or too shady, or too damp, and that a change to some other position is needed. With plants in pots such a change is at once effected without injury, and without the loss of a season in their blooming.

A word of caution must however be given in the matter of watering; for the soil in a plunged pot is liable to get dry, and consequently the roots of plants in pots run a greater risk of being prejudicially affected by hot weather than they would have done if they had been planted out. Constant attention to watering in dry seasons will therefore be indispensable.—*W. T. Ibid.*

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

SINCE Pere Lacordaire's famous reception—which was quite a marked event in the annals of the French Academy—I remember no such brilliant ovation as that accorded to M. Jules Favre last week. Never surely was there greater scheming to be present and to assist at any ceremony before. The *soirée* was announced for two o'clock, and at half-past twelve the body of the hall was densely packed, there was not room for the most shadowy of mortals, and as for the galleries they had been invaded as early as nine in the morning.

M. Jules Favre was welcomed on his entrance with indescribable enthusiasm, his speech was wonderfully eloquent, and eloquence is such a captivating gift, the more so because so rarely granted. The new member's language was highly coloured and full of poetry, his diction forcible, his gestures graceful, his manner of expression so impassioned and earnest, that the audience were quite carried away, even the coldest natures could not withhold their admiration, and the exclamations “superbe” and “charmant” were to be heard on all sides throughout the delivery of his speech. At the conclusion of the *soirée* the feminine portion of the audience began to discuss (as is their wont) the personal appearance of the illustrious orator; the general conclusion arrived at was that M. Jules Favre has regular features and a countenance beaming with intelligence, but that he does not trouble himself to acquire any further graces than those nature has bestowed on him; he is careless in his toilette, and his grey hair and beard do not appear to receive any particular attention at his hands. But these are of course minor matters when genius is in question.

M. de Remusat replied to the new member in a speech full of refinement and much to the purpose. He is an old man in years, but still young in spirit; he is a true type of a very distinguished old gentleman—of a diplomatist of the ancient school.

I took advantage of the hour and half we were compelled to wait, and employed myself with a careful survey of the toilettes. Mlle. Grétry, a blonde, bore off the palm of beauty; her features are the same type as Mlle. Nilsson's (the sweet songstress whom Paris has recently been raving about), only cast in a finer mould and with a more aristocratic air about them. Her toilette was most successful; it consisted of violet cashmere—the shade known as *Reine Hortense*, which is bright and not too dark. The skirt was looped up à la Pompadour, over a petticoat of light violet-poult de soie, bordered with a deep flounce. A high Marie Antoinette fichu, with wide round ends tied behind, thereby forming a second skirt, and at the same time contriving to make the under skirt stand out full, en pouf at the back. The small bonnet was a fanchon in shape, it was made of violet gauze, a ruche of which formed an aureole round the fair face of its wearer; a bouquet of natural violets was used for fastening the strings in front. Another very pretty personage was the recently married daughter of the celebrated barrister M. Lachaud. Her toilette was entirely composed of light blue—light blue poult de soie dress, with a *Lamballe* mantelet to match, trimmed with black lace. Light blue *crêpe* bonnet, with a long fair lock of hair at each side, curled only at the ends.

I also remarked the Viscountess Paul de Remusat, the academicien's daughter-in-law, whose toilette was exceedingly novel and elegant. It consisted of a striped blue and white satin petticoat, a blue twilled foulard skirt, looped up and trimmed with narrow rouleaux, and small bows of the same. A Roban pelerine in blue foulard, ornamented all round with small fan-shaped bows, called *coettes*. A pointed hood terminating with a tassel, and a ladder of bows straight up the centre of the back. A white straw fanchon bonnet, with a wreath of corn leaves and black lace; narrow blue strings to tie the bonnet, and a small bouquet of corn flowers in the centre of the bow.

The Countess de Remusat was in deep mourning, and wore a magnificent mantle of Chantilly lace, and a black lace bonnet ornamented with sprays of jet. Her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Pierre, was in deep mourning also, but much more simply dressed. She is still young, but has never laid aside the mourning she assumed when her husband died, now several years since. M^{me}. Cavaignac, widow of the famous general who once governed France for a short time, wore a black poult de soie dress, and a cascade covered with jet. A black Spanish lace bonnet with a tea rose at the side.

The Countess d'Assailly appeared in an amethyst satin dress; a large scarf-mantle in Spanish lace; a Coburg straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbons and an agrafe of tulips of different colours at the side; white strings covered with black lace lappets, and fastened by a brooch representing a bunch of grapes in pearls.

M^{lle}. de Dreux-Brézé, the duchess's daughter, wore a pearl grey silk dress; a black silk Marie Antoinette fichu, trimmed with pinked out ruches, and a violet *crêpe* bonnet ornamented with violets.

M^{lle}. Camille Doucet's toilette was almost in the same style. Her oxydised silver-grey silk dress was embroidered by hand, and her Marie Antoinette fichu in black gros grain was trimmed with flat ruches of the same, plaited à la vieille. Her fanchon bonnet in embroidered black tulle was ornamented with a Bengal rose.

I recognised many other ladies bearing names well known in both in the fashionable and artistic world—the Countess de Hausenville, M^{me}. Jules Sandeau, Princess de Broglie, M^{me}. Maurice Sand (the talented Georges Sand's daughter-in-law), Viscountess d'Aoust, M^{me}. Cavillier Fleury, M^{me}. Guillaume Guizot, &c.

M. Jules Favre's two daughters were of course present, the eldest wearing an Empress-blue silk dress, with a black lace mantle; a rice straw bonnet with a pink satin bow at the back, and a wreath of moss roses on white blonde in front. The second (a girl about twelve) wore blue silk with a fichu tied at the back, trimmed with white fringe; a rice straw toquet bordered with black feathers, and ornamented with an agrafe of large cornflowers.

By the above details it will be gathered that the Marie Antoinette fichu is now almost universally adopted. The prettiest style for these outdoor coverings, and that most generally worn, is the shape called “fichu jupe.” It is so named because the ends describe on the dress a sort of second skirt, a short tunic as it were. The two ends join, or rather meet together, at the back in the centre of the skirt, and the small pouf or bouffant effect which the back breadth now assume is seen above.

The “fichu jupe,” or “Dauphine” as it is likewise called, is worn high in the neck, the waistband is fastened over it, and the bottom of the fichu is pulled in to the bow of the sash. Embroidered black tulle fichus, trimmed with black blonde, are made in this style and worn over low dresses. In white tulle they are much more dressy, and are now frequently to be seen at small dancing parties over the extremely low dresses at present in vogue.

M. Vivier, the famous horn player, gave his annual concert a few days ago, and, as usual, there was great eagerness on the part of the public to be present at it. The ladies' toilettes were most brilliant on the occasion. I particularly remarked a turquoise blue gros grain dress, embroidered entirely by hand, and covered with large roses of different shades; the embroidery was repeated on the bodice and mantelet. The bonnet was the merest head-dress, and consisted of exquisite white lace lappets falling on the hair, a long black feather and three large roses of different colours in the centre of the forehead.—*Queen*.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION: THE BRITISH ARMY ON THE MARCH TO MAGDALA.



ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION: THE BRITISH ARMY ON THE MARCH TO MAGDALA.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTAIN FALCON COMES TO HIS OWN.

THE affairs of that Lord of Baddington, who came to his end in a doctor's shop in Drury Lane, were found, on investigation, to be in a most satisfactory state of complication and embarrassment. I use the term satisfactory advisedly; for the condition of semi-bankruptcy in which the peer had died was a subject of the most heart-felt gratulation, not only to his Lordship's professional advisers, but to very many gentlemen of the long robe and the short coat, who dwelt in chambers of the mustiest and most mildewed description—chambers of such vile odour, indeed, that it seemed as though whole generations of ruined and desperate clients had committed suicide within their mouldy precincts, and had been buried in the sarcophagi of the jappanned tin boxes on the shelves—chambers situate in divers honourable inns of court. And, moreover, not only did these sable and white neckerchiefed gentlemen rejoice greatly at the dead man's difficulties, but the contagion of jubilation spread even to their articulated clerks, and to the very office-boys and pallid-visaged runners, and red-nosed landrueses, to whom it was given to feed upon the scraps of green ferret and the crumbs of parchment that fell from the legal table. The pickings were so rich. Oyster-shells were to remain, perhaps, eventually for the heirs; but between them there was a dainty mollusc, juicy, succulent, and appetising—costs, in fact. Many conservatories were added to solicitors' villas at Tulse Hill; many barristers' wives had sable pelisses, new beaver bonnets, and trips to Brighton; many clerks' daughters listened to the troubadour at Beulah Spa, and went a donkeying on Margate Sands; many office-boys had surreptitious banquets of saveloys and porter; many runners and law-writers contributed materially to the profits of Messrs. Thompson and Fearon the distillers; many rubicund-landrueses supplied their husbands—the broker's man, the undertaker's assistant, or the Doctors' Commons licensee tout—with delicious little hot suppers of pigs' feet or lambs' fry; and all these treats and regalements owed their origin to the rich pickings of the embarrassed Baddington property: to the costs, in fact. Wherever those costs came from must remain one of those legal mysteries to be unravelled only by some future Braeton or Noyes. Yet it appears to me incontrovertible that lawyers are the only persons who possess the Rosicrucian secret of skinning flints, and eliminating the hide and fat from fleas, the milk from paving-stones, the butter from egg-shells, the sunbeams from cucumbers, and of extracting gold from all. They laugh at the proverb "*ex nihilo*," and bring forth bank-notes and shining guineas from empty purses and pocket-books with as much facility as my poor Professor Pollyblank was wont to extract pounds of feathers and legions of toys from the seeming vacuum inside an old hat. It may be that there is a hocus-pocus and hanky-pankey in both professions.

The Baddington estates, in Ireland, were entailed, which must have been a great comfort to the gallant Captain Falcon, the present heir to, and possessor of, the family honours: seeing it gave him a remote chance of deriving—when some millenium of rent-paying arrived—an income of some thousands per annum from them. At present, they were capably managed by an agent—quite an aristocrat, who was a half-pay captain, rode to hounds, drew a fat salary, visited the best families in the county, and proved, without the possibility of doubt, that none of the tenants ever paid any rent, and were, moreover, in the inexorable habit—dating from the time of Brian Boru, the Round Towers, and the Annals of the Four Masters—of throwing all bailiffs, putting in disreputable, into the River Ballywhack, and compelling all process-servers to eat their own writs, under pain of death by the shillelagh. So the new Lord Baddington was safe as regards Ireland; and much good his estates there were likely to do him.

There was an estate in England, which, being mortgaged to above five times its value, and unentailed, was sold, by the consent of some body and order of some body else. The insignificance of the sum it produced was very nearly the cause of apoplexy to the heads of several highly-respectable money-lending firms of the Jewish persuasion; but it having been discovered in the nick of time that it ought not, at least under existing circumstances, to have been sold at all, it was thrown (by order of another somebody else) into Chancery, where it became a nice quiet little action—the costs being costs in the cause, to the great profit of the lawyers aforesaid, who drew upon it amazingly, and looked upon it as a very good thing, promising quite a tortoise-duration of existence.

So much for the real property. The personality was sworn as under fifty thousand pounds. I think, that if money in the funds, and money in the hands of Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers, Strand, had been reckoned, if the freehold of a little shooting-box near Twickenham, in whose vicinity the partridge—goodness help them! (even supposing that there were any)—had never been disturbed in the late lord's time; but within whose sly little garden-walls there had been, *dans le temps*, very many pretty little archery meetings, one Daniel Cupid being chief bowman, and sundry *figurantes* of the King's Theatre toxophilites, the Baddington head gales the target, and the bull's-eye gold of the real Danvers head—if all these had been counted, together with the lease, chateaux furniture, rich decorations, valuable plate, and choice pictures of the house in Curzon Street, and the late peer's wardrobe, books, and linen, down to his dog-eared copy of Catullus, his noble waistband, and his most noble shirt, fifty hundred pounds would have been nearer the mark whereby to estimate this famous personality. And even this calculation might have been wanting in accuracy; for it appeared that by a deed of gift executed six weeks before Lord Baddington's death, lease, furniture, fixtures, pictures, plate, linen, decorations, everything appertaining to the fairy palace in Curzon Street, became the sole and entire property of Genevieve, Viscountess Baddington, and were hers and her heirs—to have and to hold for ever.

Nor was all told yet. It furthermore appeared, that in the hands of trustees there stood in the Three-and-a-quarter per Cent. stocks of the Bank of England, for the use and benefit of the before-mentioned Genevieve, Viscountess Baddington, no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds sterling. Wherever this sum had come from, what Jews had been squeezed, what loan-mongers swindled, what rouge-et-noir bank at a German watering-place broken, to secure that bonny nest-egg, no one could tell; but there it was, glistening, exciting, intact, the fury of the heir and the creditors, and the chagrin even of certificated attorney and utter barrister; for the title to it was indisputable, and there were no costs to be gotten from it at all.

Of course, efforts were made to wrench the rich prize from the bereaved and disconsolate widow, in a genteel court-moving way. But the court was not to be moved in any way adverse to Lady Baddington. She, too, had lawyers of her own—stern men, who would not stand any nonsense, and who wanted what few costs out of pocket there might be for themselves; and so the great army of vultures and ravens that were wheeling and cawing over the prostrate carcass of nobility got nothing by their motion, and the widow held her own.

You, cunning men of law, expert in unravelling twisted cases, and in finding flaws in titles, will quarrel with and carp at me, very probably; and sneer down the picture that I, poor story-teller, have drawn of a great man's inheritance. Go into your closet, sleek black rat, and fetching down those half bound reports,

tell me on your oath—(kissing, not your thumb, but the book)—whether I have exaggerated in one tittle—nay, even in the volume of a grain of silver sand—nay, even in the duration of the life of an ephemeral insect—nay, even in the circumference of a single hair—the be-devilments with which you and yours who have received the baptism of pounce and green ferret, who catch up innocent lambs that you may turn their skins into vellum whereon to inscribe your unholy abracadabras of "hereinafter mentioned" and "aforesaid," can surround the clearest case of A. having nothing to leave to B., or C. leaving all he is possessed of to D. Was there not a great painter who died the other day, leaving his immense fortune, acquired by his own unaided talents, and by as clearly a written will as ever was witnessed, to the Nation, to the funds of an asylum to be erected for the relief of his brother artists fallen upon evil days? Who immediately began to pick nice holes (such as magpies pick to hide their stolen cheese within) in his will, pleading fervently for nieces and nephews, for whom the dead artist cared not one farthing, and who would have tranquilly left him to rot if he had not been an Academician and a prince among painters, and worth a plumb? Who but you, sharp men of law—who but you will amass fortunes out of the beggar's inheritance of rags and bones, and yet bring the gorged money-bags to an ultimate condition of utter shrivelledness? Who but law, insatiate, insatiable—convinced at its own iniquities, sometimes by sly statutes drawn by itself, full of loop-holes and snuggeries and safety-valves, provided for bursting out more iniquitously than ever in a fresh place?

Exactly one month had elapsed from the demise of our dear brother departed, whom you wot of; and on an autumnal morning, there sat in a private room of an exceedingly private hotel, in Jermyn Street, a young gentleman attired in deep and decorous black, who, a month since, was wont to accept his bills of exchange with the name of Charles Falcon, but who was now entitled to sign himself Baddington; and was, in truth, a peer of the realm, and a pillar of the state.

He was a mild-looking young man, of the approved dragoon pattern, as stereographed by Mr. John Leech, tall, broad-shouldered, bulky-limbed, small-headed, bushy-whiskered, full mustachioed, insolent-looking. His black clothes did not make him half mournful enough; for the dandified cut of the West-end tailor predominated over the sable hue of the garments themselves, and gave him more of the air of a Beau Fielding suddenly dipped into an ink-vat. He was a man whom women might have thought very handsome, looking at his stature and hirsute face; he was one whom observant men must have thought very ill-looking, when they took into account his small, gray, cruel eyes, large, panting nostrils, and mouth with the corners drooping down.

Lord Baddington, be it said, once for all, was a Fool. He was so ignorant—despite the assiduous castigation he had received from his pastors and masters at school, and the jeers and taunts he had undergone from his comrades at the university and in barracks—he was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell, and was haunted by an uneasy notion that the Straits of Gibraltar were an island in the South Sea. He had no observation, no wit, no humour, and so thought. His manners consisted in being slangy to his equals and overbearing to his inferiors—superiors he could scarcely have; for as heir to a peerage, though a beggarly one, he had been toddled from his cradle. In the society of virtuous women he was dumb as a stockfish. With actresses and denizens of the *demi-monde* he was insolent and coarse. He was one of fifty thousand "swells"—would that I could find a word more expressive and less vulgar—as ignorant, as coarse, and as foolish as he; but, like the majority of his brethren, he possessed all the arts, and graces, and allurements of a "*swell*" *de par le monde*. He could hunt, drive, fish, row, wrestle, smoke the largest and strongest cigars, fence, stare milliners' girls out of countenance, insult civilians, bully servants, persuade himself into the conviction that he could crush intellectual men with that supreme disdain which the Fool passes for intellect—you know what the fool in the Proverbs said in his own heart—and get into debt with an imperishable quantity which instilled confidence into the most sceptical of tailors. He could not remember the date of the battle of Waterloo; but he knew the names of all the winners of the Derby, and the latest state of the betting for ten years back; he would have been puzzled to work out a sum in short division; but he was wonderful in the calculation of the odds at hazard, and at cards, and unlimited loo, few men could beat him.

Fool as he was, he knew, to use a title and common colloquialism, "which side his bread was buttered." He was a Rogue. For one of the most miserable fallacies of axiomatic philosophy is that which assumes that the world is divided into two great classes, "fools and rogues." There are four such classes. The rogue-fool—that is merciless Charles the Fifth, who casts three empires away to make watches and then bleats for his imperial toys again. The fool-rogue—that is James the Second of England, followed closely in the footsteps of Bloody Mary, and nearly driving his subjects to chop his half Tom-fool, half Duke of Alva's head off, and yet the best meaning man in the world. There is the perfect fool—that is Edward the Second; there is the perfect rogue—that is Edward Agar.

Lord Baddington was a rogue-fool. His folly needed leading-strings, and he made them out of segnery. He would be a seducer because it was a wet day, and the garrison town was dull. He would abandon the woman he had wronged, because Maggies, of the Seventy, had done it; and it was rather the thing than otherwise to do. He would borrow money from a friend, and not repay it, because it was more convenient than to borrow it from a bill-discounter, who would exact interest, make him take payment half in cash and half in pictures, sherry, camel-bits, ivory frigates, and paving stones, and would probably sue when the bill was dishonoured. Such was Lord Viscount Baddington, the new.

A credit to his order, *n'est ce pas?* At least there had been this about the old bad dead man, that he was refined in his vices, polished in his corruption, and humorous in his cynicism. We groan about whited sepulchres, and bugs with gilded wings, and painted children of dirt; but let us be consistent. We must either pull down Gehenna altogether, plough over its wicked site, and sow it with salt, or we must whitewash the sepulchres, and make them look genteel and decent. Open cess-pools and yawning charnel-houses won't do in the same brave thoroughfares where we have Exeter Hall, and the meeting of the "Sopoe's Friend Abolition of Capital Punishment Society."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

LORD BADDINGTON was not alone at breakfast. There had been admitted to the privacy of his Lordship's repast two gentlemen—one a washed-out, weak-eyed, scrofulous little young man, the son of a bishop, who had originally been designed for the church, in which his right reverend father held, of course, the patronage of several livings of great competence, but who, failing to show any vocation for the Church of England as by law established, even to the extent of being able to construe any four consecutive lines of any Greek play, a familiar acquaintance with the vivacious and highly moral comedies of Aristophanes being of course indispensable to the education of a pastor of the Christian church, had been pitch-forked into the Foot Guards, where, in leading to the deadly parade and the imminent field-day grizzly Grenadiers of about twice his stature, he gave the liveliest satisfaction to his commanding officers, and to the country at large. His name was Tiffin; he was a lieutenant and captain, and his father was Bishop of Bombay. His Lordship's other friend was a fiery old major on half-pay, by name Gambrion—the more fiery, perhaps,

as an uncongenial fortune had never once given him an opportunity of distinguishing himself in the tented field. He had served all over the world in different garrisons; and his trophies consisted in a vast store of pickled mangoes and curry powder, dried reindeer tongues, beaver skins, and an inflamed countenance, the result of innumerable nights at mess of the wettest possible description. Being such an old boy, he was of course a member of the Junior United Service Club, where he bullied the waiters fearfully, and let the steward know the full meaning of the articles of war and the Queen's regulations. He had never been married, and till within a very short period had lived on his pay; but an aunt had lately left him a legacy of four thousand pounds. In order to spite a niece of hers whom she hated, which sum he had at once discreetly, sunk in an annuity in order to spite a niece of his whom *he* hated. Lastly, hovering about the three, and pervading the breakfast-table generally, was Lord Baddington's own man Coops, who had been a trooper in the regiment in which his Lordship had condescended to serve; but manifesting a notable incapacity for acquiring the commonest rudiments of drill, had after suffering all the anguish of the knot of the rough-rider's long whip in the riding-school, been promoted to the post of Lord Baddington's body servant.

"Stone walls," it hath been sentimentally and poetically observed, "do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

"Hearts quiet and contented take That for a hermitage."

On the other hand, it must be confessed that broiled ham, devilled kidneys, cold chickens, anchovy toast, potted tongue, kippered salmon, brawn, *piéds de cochon truffés*, poached eggs, Russian caviar, Dundee marmalade, Yarmouth bloaters, *pâté de foie gras*, assisted by Twining's tea, Decaste's coffee, and, maybe, a bottle of Beaune and a flask of curaçoa, although the concomitants of as capital a breakfast as the most exclusive of London private hotels can furnish forth, do not always make up the full measure of human felicity. There are times when the rich viands pall upon the palate and the salt loses its savour, and when our mind being somewhat ill at ease, if not diseased, we feel inclined to throw not only physic, but breakfast, to the dogs, and to have none of it.

The fire-eating Major did ample justice to every viand and condiment on the table, from the broiled ham to the curaçoa, and when his martial countenance from good cheer assumed rather the hue of purple than of crimson, betook himself to smoking cigars of prodigious size and of a fiery flavour with great gusto. The bishop's little son had been up the whole of the previous night on a knocker-hunting expedition—(you must remember, reader, that this was in the days of the great Marquis, when such robbery had not degenerated into mere snobbery)—and the pursuit of lions' heads and Egyptian brasses combined with a verbal altercation with a cabman in the Haymarket, and a personal encounter with a sweep in Whetstone Park, in both of which tournaments Lieutenant Tiffin had had the worst of it, had slightly fatigued that youth, and rendered him for the nonce more partial to the consumption of soda water and sherry than of the more solid delicacies of the table. He, too, was smoking a cigar as large and as fiery as the Major's; yet it is a fact that Lieutenant Tiffin, not nine months previously, when a private pupil with the Rev. J. Broomback, vicar of Twigmore-in-the-Willows, Berks had been noted for an immoderate partiality for the saccharine, though indigestible, cakes, known as elecampane and Boney's ribs.

And Lord Baddington, he, too, was smoking, but in a moody, desultory manner, and after partaking of no breakfast at all. Now he would gnaw the end of his regalia, now throw it to smoulder on a plate, now resume it, nervously twisting it between his fingers. It was plain to see the Noble Lord had something the matter with him.

"And so the little dancer gave you the slip, eh, Charley?" said Mr. Tiffin; we will not attempt to imitate his lip, which was of the most pantomimically euphuistic description. They had apparently resumed a conversation which had been suffered to languish for some minutes.

"Always do give you the slip," the Major remarked, looking up from the *Morning Herald*—people read the *Morning Herald* in those days—with which he had chosen to diversify the cigar and the curaçoa. "Began of Bhalapore gave me the slip in the year '36. Ten lacs and not a tooth in her head. Married a half-caste, who sold hair-brushes and pomatum in the bazaar. He's coming over here to buy a seat in Parliament." Libellous Major! as if seats in Parliament could be bought!

"Y—yes," said Lord Baddington, in a tone of languid vexation in reply to the Lieutenant's query; "the confounded little filly bolted. As if I meant her any harm."

"As if any body ever meant any body any harm," the parenthetical Major, who appeared desirous of emulating the Chorus in a Greek Tragedy, again remarked from behind his *Morning Herald*. "I never meant any harm to Mrs. O'Veal, the widow of the town-councillor of Cork, and yet she brought an action against me for breach, and recovered two hundred and fifty damages."

"But how the deuce," interposed the episcopal-guardman, "did she manage to get away? I thought you had her hard and fast?"

"Ay! hard and fast indeed, in a lodging at Pentonville, or some horrible place of that sort out in the suburbs, by some waterworks and an hospital, and that sort of thing. Coops took the place for me. Coops, you may go." (This was addressed to the body-servant, who bowed and withdrew immediately, although I am afraid that he only put the width of a door and the compass of a keyhole between himself and his master.) "I left my fellow to mount guard there all the night; and I believe—he's an ingenious scoundrel—that he made love to the landlady, and had tea with rum in it. At any rate I looked down the next morning, to open the siege in a regular manner; when—would you believe it?—she turned upon me like a young tigress, talked a lot of nonsense about my having promised to marry her and make her a lady; and at last told me to begone, and never come near her more, quite in the three-novel thingummy style, that one gets from the circulating library in country quarters."

"And what did you do?"

"Do? Why, take hold of her round the waist to be sure, and tell her what a confounded obstinate little fool she was."

"And what did she do then?" asked Tiffin.

"Knife you, I'll be bound!" quoth the Chorus Major. "They always knife you, these Spaniards and Portuguese. Was knifed myself when I went out to Portugal in Mr. Canning's time, and didn't fight. Brown-faced gipsy, who would have been the loveliest creature in the world, if she hadn't eaten so much garlic."

"She didn't do anything of the sort," said Lord Baddington; "but, by Jove, she pulled out as neat a little pocket-pistol as ever you saw in your life, and clapping it so close to me that I felt the cold steel ring on my forehead, swore she would blow my brains out if I dared to lay hands on her again. I think I could have twisted it out of her hand easily if I had once grappled with her; but she was as agile as a lizard, ran away from me into a corner of the room, keeping me in check with the pistol. Then she rang the bell and began squealing for the landlady, and she came up, and there was a doose of a row."

"Just like 'em, always kicking up a row," the sage of the Junior United Service perpend. "Always lick you with their scolding and screaming. I never knew but one fellow who wouldn't give in to a noisy woman, and that was the Dutch consul at St. Thomas, in the year '20. He had a clerk that played the violoncello capitally, and he used to fiddle away his loudest, while the consul thrashed his wife with a boot. He fiddled her completely down at last, and she was a quiet as a lamb afterwards, poor woman."

"I wish you wouldn't break in with your confounded colonia

stories, Gambroon," interrupted Lord Baddington, with a weary yawn. "Well, as I was saying, the landlady came up."

"And what did she do?"

"Took part against me, burn her! Said I was an atrocious villain, and a lot of stuff of that sort. Called Manuelita a pretty lamb, and an innocent creature, and a doose more. Said I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"You ought to have been ashamed of yourself. It's always best to be ashamed of yourself, and ask leave to come again," the incorrigible Major broke in. "They're devils to forgive are women, and that's how you get the better of them at last."

"She even," Lord Baddington continued, and not deigning to notice the interruption, "threatened to call for the police. Imagine such confounded insolence. Call the police to me!"

"And how did it end?" Lieutenant Tiffin asked.

"If you won't be so confoundedly impatient," was the polite rejoinder, "I'll tell you. The landlady's sister came up, and her husband's grandmother too, for anything I know. At all events, there came up such a lot of them, and they all squabbled and squabbled together at me; and the very children—there were a lot of them too—began to scream and roar; and, to tell the truth, I was doosed glad to get out of the house, jump into the trap, and tool back to the club as fast as I could."

"You went back again?"

"To be sure, next day; but, like an ass, I never sent Coops to keep guard at night. I drove down at twelve o'clock with an amethyst bracelet, that I thought would subdue my lady."

"Right, right, always give 'em bracelets. Jewellery always masters 'em." This from the Gambroon quarter.

"With an amethyst bracelet; and when I got to the door, I found the bird flown. Bolted, by Jove!"

"And where is she now?"

"The devil knows; I don't. The old catamaran who kept the house wouldn't give me the slightest information. Said it served me right, and that she was glad that the dear little thing had got out of my clutches. I had been stupid enough, or rather Coops had, to pay the rent in advance, so I hadn't even the satisfaction of telling her to whistle for her money. My clutches, indeed! If ever she does get into my clutches—"

He paused, and swallowed a glass of water. The rapid face lighted up for a moment, but it was with a reflection as from the fire of the bottomless pit. So might you lift up the insatiable cap-pink mask, that convicts wear in penitentiaries, and show, for an instant, flaring beneath, the ravenous, callous, brutal face of him who hates society.

Just then there came a discreet tap at the door.

It was Mr. Coops, who, on a plated salver, brought a three-cornered note written on pink paper.

"Humph!" Lord Baddington exclaimed, taking the missive from his valet, "my dear grand-aunt's writing. What can she want with me, I wonder? Not to give me any of that twenty thousand pounds, I'll be bound. Twenty thousand pounds! She has not a right to twenty thousand pence. I ought to have had the money."

So he mused, half aloud, as he lazily scanned the contents of the note. The contents were brief; but they seemed important, for he rose at once, and said that the Dowager wanted him, and that he must go to her immediately.

Were either of "you two fellows" going his way? He would give either of them a lift. Yes; Major Gambroon was going Piccadillywards, and would accept the proffered lift. As for Tiffin, who very likely would have liked a seat in the Baddington cabriolet, he had lost his chance, as he had not spoken first, and strolled away to pass the remainder of the morning in the Burlington Arcade, where he made large purchases in perfumery, and stared all the pretty girls he could meet out of countenance.

Delicately, gracefully balanced on its springs, with the highest stepping, most mettlesome horses, and the smallest and naggiest of top-bouted tigers hanging on by the straps behind; glistening, glittering with paint and varnish, and bright leather and patent harness, went Lord Baddington's cab from Jermyn Street to May Fair; his Lordship driving, like an accomplished whip, as he was; the Major by his side, looking martial and aristocratic, with a high black stock, a white moustache, a shiny hat, and a buckskin waistcoat. They passed a troop of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, on their way to the barracks in the Regent's Park. They passed Tiffin's papa, the Bombay Bishop (home on sick leave), looking ineffably right reverend in a shovel hat and apron, and on a demure cob. They passed a post-office letter-carrying boy, on a vile "screw," with only three available legs, but that seemed, nevertheless, to go as swiftly as a Melton Mowbray hunter. They passed the great Duke of Wellington, in his blue frock and white neckcloth, with the rabid groom riding behind, whom you remember so well, if not in the flesh, at least in his canvas counterfeited presentment in Landseer's "Waterloo" picture. This hero they saluted, and were in turn saluted by him, by the uprising of the digits of those immortal buckskin gloves. They met and passed omnibuses, donkey-carts, mourning coaches, wedding-chauffeurs, nursery-maids with their young flocks, hastening to the park; men with coffins on their backs, grenadiers, loving couples, policemen, Jew clothesmen, dandies, and pot-boys carrying out the beer; and the poor people, as they looked at the superb equipage (unpaid for) with the Viscount's coronet on the panel, and saw the noble gentleman who was driving, thought, half in admiration and half in envy, of what a great man and what a happy fellow he must be.

"Gam," said the unconscious object of these thoughts.

"Yes, Viscount!" He was a wary man, Gam; and though he called the new-made Peer "Baddington" usually, he humoured him sometimes by the mention of his title. But he never my-lorded him.

"How the doose am I to get my living?"

"Aren't you a lord?"

"But I haven't got any money," the young man answered, with great simplicity; "and I owe a lot. I'm afraid my tick's getting shaky, too."

"Enlist."

"You mean, sell my commission. Yes; I suppose I shall have to do that; but what'll that be—a couple of thousand or so: three, perhaps. But I want so much a year; an income, don't you understand?"

"Get the Ministry to make you something, somewhere abroad."

"But all the fellows say I am such a fool," was the ingenuous reply of the noble youth; "and I know myself that I'm not good at speechifying or writing, or that sort of thing. 'Pon my soul, I'm in a doose of a mess, Gam. There's my mother and sisters—and the girls are getting old maid fast, I declare—living, positively, on the charity of my brother-in-law Guy. He's as rich as a Jew; but he won't lend me any money, the covetous hunk. He says that I spend it all on dice, and drink, and actresses. It's all very well to abuse dice; but I should like to know what I should do without the bones at Crockett's, and what at the club. Why, what must be worth five hundred a year, at least, to you, Major."

"More or less; but I never play for much."

"But one can't be always playing cards," the lordly philosopher resumed. "I want rents and estates, and lands that can't be mortgaged, and tenants that ain't bankrupt. I think I shall change my lawyers. Those fellows in Lincoln's Inn Fields have made a fortune out of me; and yet they say I owe them a lot of money too. By Jove, I seem to owe everybody a lot of money. I wish my grand-uncle Baddington had kept his peerage to himself."

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

"The Mines of Cornwall and Devon." By Thomas Spargo, Esq., Gresham House, City. The Victoria Press.

This work is not simply a statistical account of mines and mining in the two great southern counties, as might from its name be supposed to be the case. It is a geological, mineralogical, and topographical history of those counties, with most readable sketches of both the inland and coast scenery, more especially the latter. It is a work which the antiquarian may also read with pleasure. General readers who have not visited these counties will literally learn all about them, even to their present economical condition.

Those in quest of health or pleasure who are disposed to visit the beautiful and salubrious south-west of England, and such as have travelled there, or enjoyed a temporary residence, will be pleased to find so much interest of every kind thrown around the places of which they have seen something or heard so much. The work is profusely illustrated with maps, plates, and sections of mines;—every mining district in the two counties is minutely described, topographically, geologically and mineralogically. A history of the early commerce and mining of the two chief western counties is succinct, clear, and clever. The prospect of future mineral discoveries is argued in a very lucid and learned manner. The yield of mineral wealth over a long period of years is traced, and compared decade with decade. The mode in which mines ought to be worked, and the principles upon which mining companies ought to proceed, both as to formation and subsequent conduct of affairs, is stated in such a way as must be very useful not only to existing companies, but to those who may contemplate enterprise in that direction. There is a very luminous comparison of the old cost book system, and that which has prevailed since the Companies Act of 1862, with the system of companies formed expressly under that Act. The statistics of this volume are marvelously arranged and laboriously combined. The cost to the author both of time and money must have been very great in collecting, compiling, and collating this vast mass of useful information. Such a volume as this was a desideratum, and Mr. Spargo deserves to be congratulated upon his execution of it. The Government mining reports are very good so far as they go, but a more full, particular, and graphic account of our industry in the field of British metalliferous wealth, especially in this most renowned portion of it, was really very much wanting, and now in a cheap, well printed, and richly illustrated single volume can be obtained. It is to be presumed that the author of this work is the gentleman who contributes under the same name so many interesting and valuable letters to the *Mining Journal* on mineralogical and collateral subjects. With this book in his hand an investor can hardly go wrong, and he who goes right in mining enterprise is very lucky, for no other description of adventure has in this or in any other country paid such enormous profits upon the amounts invested. The *Devon Great Consols*, and many other dividend paying mines prove this; and there can be no doubt that among the prospective mines there are many which will pay well, and some which will rival even these present proofs of success. The man of science, of business, of capital, of travel, of general reading, and of taste be recommended to peruse this very opportune and instructive book.

"Indian Civil Service Examination." A letter to the Right Honourable Sir Stafford H. Northcote, Bart., Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. By Syed Abdoolah, 21, Falmplace, Harrow-road, London, W.

PROFESSOR SYED ABDOLAH has been for a long time well and favourably known to the English public. A most intelligent native gentleman, and an accomplished scholar, he is peculiarly qualified to speak upon a subject about which he has acquired special knowledge. Syed Abdoolah fears that the conquerors of his country exclude the natives from their fair share of employment under Government, and we are strongly inclined to agree with him. He says:—

"The natives of India are of opinion that, although the Indian Civil Service is thrown open to all Her Majesty's natural born subjects, the Indians have little or no chance. The Government with one hand offers them employment, and with the other withdraws it. Amongst several Indian competitors, one happened to compete successfully, and the result has been that the marks in Arabic and Sanscrit have been lowered. The Indians construed this as a discouragement to the natives of India from competing for Her Majesty's Indian Civil Service. As far as my humble opinion goes, great proficiency in these recondite languages forms no special qualification for efficient administration in India. But the question is, why not allow a candidate to take up one or two spoken languages of his Presidency? In the first examination five or six subjects should be compulsory, and the rest optional, upon the same principle as that which is now in operation:—'That no candidate should be allowed any credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere stammerer.' By a system of this kind, it must be obvious that crammed and superficial acquirements could not stand the test, and the candidate would be convinced that well grounded proficiency was necessary to success."

The present system of competitive examination is somewhere defective, we will not undertake to say where, as our limited space will not permit us to go deeply into the question. We can, however, sincerely recommend all those who are interested in this important question to read the lucid statement of Mr. Syed Abdoolah.

"The Corset and the Crinoline." A Book of Modes and Costumes, from Remote Periods to the Present Times. By W. B. L. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyley.

THIS is a very erudite work, which has the additional merit of being solidly and handsomely bound, exquisitely printed on toned paper, and containing fifty-four illustrations, executed in the highest style of art. The history of the corset is carefully given, from the earliest times. It would appear that there is actually nothing new under the sun. Tight lacing was an institution B.C., and worked as much harm then, probably, as it has done *anno domini*. In the wilds of Guatemala traces of the corset have been found. Our author says:—

"Researches among the ruins of Palenqui, one of the mysterious forest cities of South America, whose history is lost in remote antiquity, have brought to light most singular evidences of the existence of a now forgotten race. Among the works of art discovered there is a bas-relief, representing a female figure which, in addition to a profusion of massive ornaments, wears a complicated and elaborate waist bandage, which by a system of circular and transverse folding and looping confines the waist, from just below the ribs to the hips, so firmly and compactly as the most unyielding corset of the present day."

Women in all ages seem to have had an irresistible desire to obtain a slim and elegant figure. There can be no doubt that lacing is injurious, but when the results attained are we are inclined to overlook the means in admiration at the end. W. B. L. has produced a work which every lady of taste will do well to purchase. In the old days the fashions were always changing, just as they do now, showing the capricious nature of the female mind and the versatility of the milliner. Some of the illustrations in the "Corset and the Crinoline" are of the quaintest kind. They must be seen to be appreciated. The author is equally at home with his subject when treating of the Roman, Grecian, Jewish, Venetian, and Old English periods. In 1713 a great controversy arose about stay wearing. Argument was turned into fierce invective, and a bitter war raged for some time; at present the

skirts worn are so short that it is possible the fashion may become so extreme as to revert almost to a state of primitive innocence, when corsets will be dispensed with, together with other superfluous articles of clothing, and art will fade away before nature, and a state of things exist which those who have seen the *Biche aux bois* will understand if not appreciate. Then indeed will such a work as the "Corset and the Crinoline" be invaluable as an indication of what once was. Seriously, we can cordially recommend this book, which is far from being a mere compilation of uninteresting matter. We have read it with great interest, and shall regard it as a standard work on all matters of ladies' dress.

"Bible Animals" (Longmans), Part V., is quite as instructive as its predecessors.

"St. Pauls" for May is a very good number. "All for Greed" is concluded, and "Phineas Phion" lets us into the secret of a Cabinet meeting. A paper "On Yachting" is as interesting as anything we have read on the subject. "Anonymous Journalism" deserves serious attention. We have always held anonymous journalism to be the curse of the press, and would, as in France, have every article which appears in print authenticated with the writer's name. Journalists owe this to themselves and to the public.

"Hanover Square," a Magazine of New Music (Ashdown and Parry), contains "Evening Rest," "Love the Pilgrim," by Jacques Blumenthal, words by Hamilton Aldé; "Spring Breezes," and "It is the Golden May Time." The two last pieces are especially pretty and vivacious. This May number of "Hanover Square" should be bought by all lovers of music.

Mr. Beeton's "Book of Household Management," Part III., (Ward and Lock) is fully equal to its predecessors.

Beeton's "Dictionary of Geography and Universal Gazetteer" (Ward and Lock), Part V., contains a very accurate and useful map of South America, and conducts us to the letter H.

"Household Words." Cheap edition. Part I., 6d. (Ward and Lock.) This is an old friend in a new garb. Charles Dickens's "Household Words" reprinted will supply a desideratum in many libraries. We hail its re-appearance with acclamation, more especially as it is printed in a handsome and readable form.

"The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine." May. (Ward and Lock.) Replete with fashion-plates and patterns, this really first-class magazine comes once more to gladden the sight of its fair patronesses, whose names ought to be legion. "Helen's Dower" increases in interest, and promises to be one of the best novels of the year.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The grand inauguration concert for the season 1868-69, took place on Saturday, in the great Handel orchestra. To the lovers of operatic music the vocal selection proved highly interesting. The singers all appertained to Her Majesty's Opera. They comprised Mdlle. Clara Kellogg, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Treballi-Bettini; Signors Fraschini, Gassier, and Poli. It is not necessary to enter into particulars of their performances. Mdlle. Kellogg and Signor Fraschini made their first appearance at the Crystal Palace. The lady was the cynosure of all eyes, and created a immense effect in "The Last Rose of Summer," and in the cavatina from "Linda." The Palace is, apparently, more attractive than ever; and certainly the grounds were on Saturday almost as pleasant as the great transept. After the concert hundreds betook themselves to the verdant slopes and the trim lawns; but almost as many left the delightful ramble until after a visit to the dining-rooms, where Messrs. Bertram and Roberts have made provision for all classes of people—for every kind of appetite. The directors in their published programme for the season say they "Are confident that they only echo public opinion by stating that the refreshment department, vast as it is, and difficult as its management must be, has acquired under Messrs. Bertram and Roberts a character of the highest order." Those who have eaten a dinner in the grand saloon dining-rooms, have enjoyed the delightful landscape visible from its windows, and the perfect table service which adds so much to the enjoyment of the epicure, must admit this eulogium of the directors to be well founded. In food and in wines the contractors have always supplied everything of the best, and their arrangements for the season that commenced on Saturday are such, that in catering for the public they can consult at once the palate and the pocket. There are no pleasant places near London for *déjeuners* and dinners than the rooms of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts in the popular palace at Sydenham.

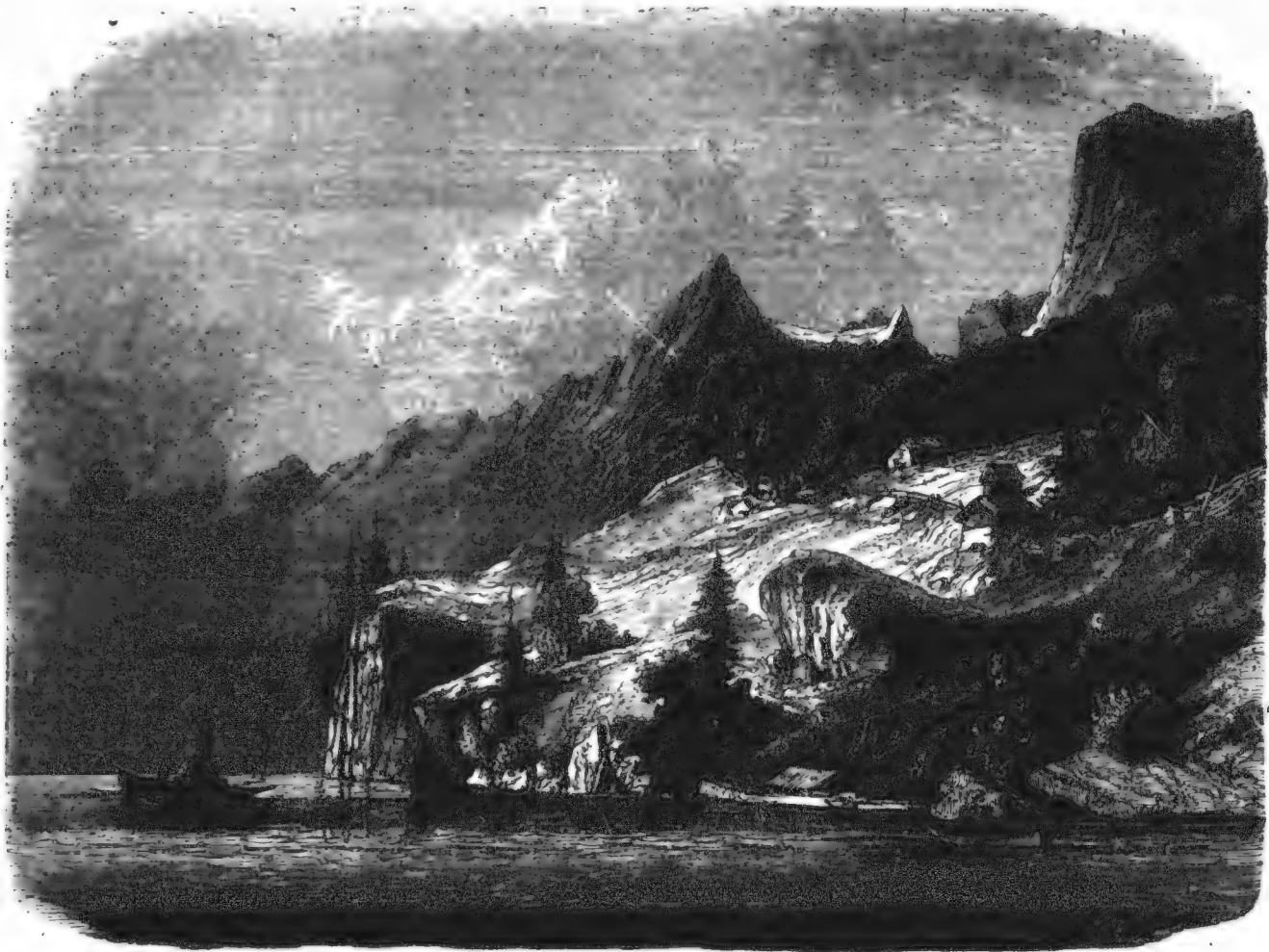
HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—The *réouverture* of Mdlle. Nilsson, on Saturday, naturally produced a great excitement among all lovers of operatic music. The impression created by the fair Swedish songstress last season was so decided and universal that her re-appearance this season was looked forward to with an interest almost bordering on anxiety. Moreover, since she was last heard amongst us, Mdlle. Nilsson has made for herself an entirely new reputation. She had secured from the Theatre-Lyrique in Paris—where she had been for a few years under the surveillance of Madame Carvalho, who, he it said with deference, could teach her little or nothing—to the Grand Opera, where, in her new character of Ophele in *Ambroise Thomas's* "Hamlet," she wanted a sensation almost unobtainable in that city of sensation, and, let the truth be told, made the principal and almost sole attraction of that much-vaulted and over-praised opera. With all these causes for excitement it was no wonder that Her Majesty's Opera was crowded on Saturday evening from floor to ceiling in every nook and corner, and that the fair Swedish prima donna should have a most enthusiastic reception. The character of *Viola* in the "Traviata" has been essayed by many singers of the highest eminence in this country, but not one, we may venture to say, has given the music with more exquisite voice, with greater *finesse* in the details, and more appropriate sentiment. Nature has lavished the rarest gifts on Mdlle. Nilsson, and the lady herself has been assiduous in turning these gifts to the best possible advantage. Her voice is of the most delicious quality, sympathetic in the extreme, and invariably correct in the intonation. Hear it once, and you make certain of it for ever. It is not very powerful, nor is it capable perhaps of giving the best effect to the deepest tragic emotions. But Mdlle. Nilsson steers clear of the grand declamatory school, and willingly resigns in favour of Mdlle. Titiens and Co. Mdlle. Nilsson has brought her voice to the highest state of cultivation; her facility is amazing, and she accomplishes everything she undertakes with apparently marvellous ease. Enough has been said to show why the fair Swede has become one of the most popular singers of the day, and to account for her extraordinary hold on the public. As an actress she is more remarkable for quiet intensity than any other demonstration. At times, indeed, she seems wanting in impulse, and has no sympathy with

"Those mighty passions and so forth

Which come all the while."

But she is on most occasions like itself on the stage, and whether this be the result of nature or art it matters little to the spectator, who is always taken with what is proper and graceful.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—The Queen will lay the foundation stone of St. Thomas's Hospital on the 13th inst., when every member of the Royal family is expected to be present except the Duchess Dowager of Cambridge. The Ministry, the Houses of Lords and Commons, the foreign ambassadors, and all the great public bodies, will be represented. The estimated cost of the whole building will be about £500,000, including the site.



THE HUTIBERG, SWITZERLAND.

THE WAR IN PARAGUAY.

THE mails from the Brazil and the River Plate just arrived show that the position of Marshal Lopez is not so desperate as the Brazilian telegrams lead us to believe. Nothing of any importance has taken place at the seat of war since the sailing of the French mail. The Brazilian ironclads, for want of coal and provisions, are unable to move, and have taken shelter at Tayi, offering £50 for a ton of coal. On the 21st of March the allies made a sortie, but were driven back with a heavy loss. Lopez has been able to fortify the Tabicuari, and to cut off the allies from any demonstration into the interior. At Humaita 5,000 veteran troops are left, which will be enough to defend that place and keep the fleet in check. Her Majesty's gunboat Linnet, which has been sent up the river for the protection of British subjects in Humaita, has not been permitted by the Brazilian admiral to approach that fortress. The war correspondent of the *Tribuna* writes "That the allies are in a worse position now than they ever were before, and that Lopez is quite able to baffle all the combinations of the allies."

VIEW OF GULL VALLEY.

ON the French side of the new road now being formed between France and Italy is situate Gull Valley, of which we give an illustration. It is in this valley that the tunnel of Mont Cenis opens. The chain of mountains here has a thickness of not more than 2,460 metres.

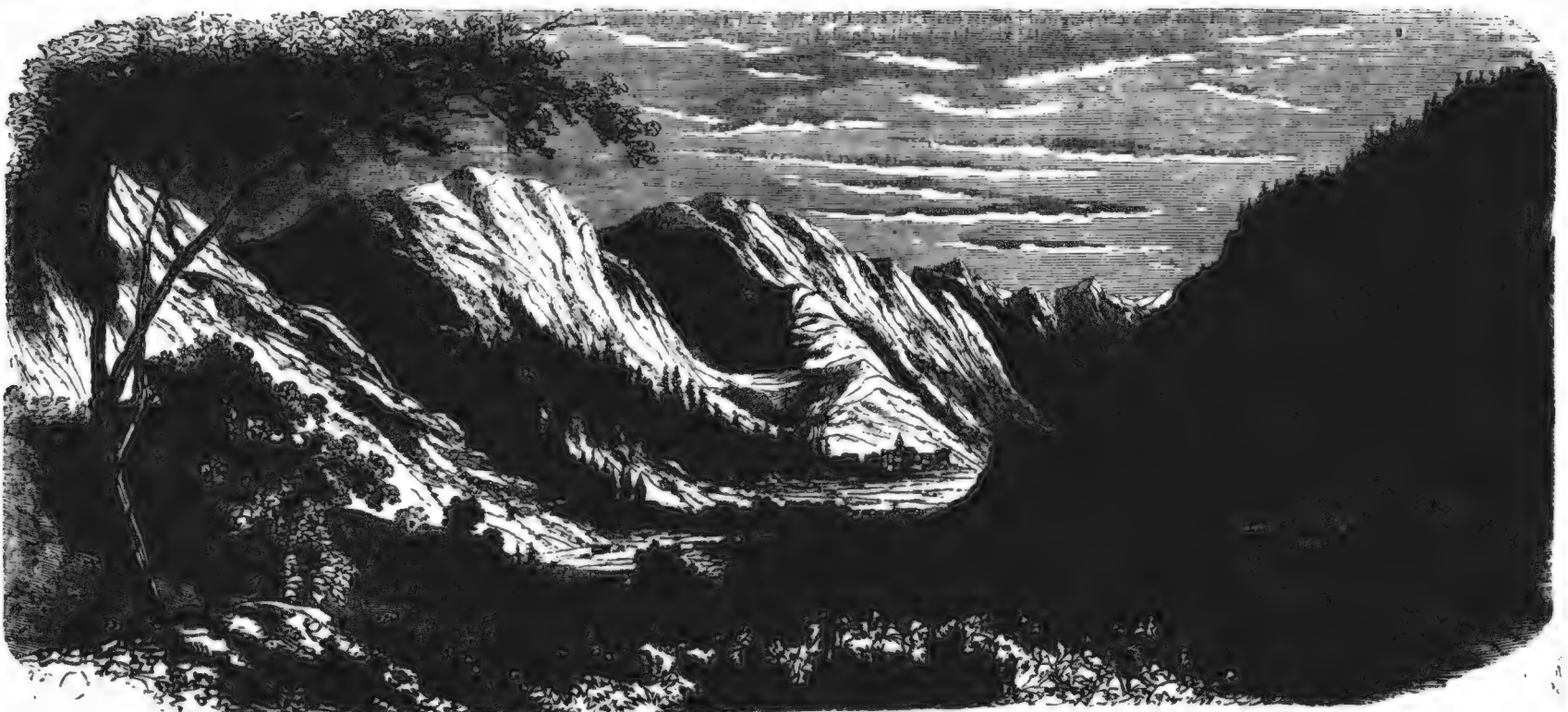
A NUISANCE OF THE STREETS.

NOW that the cuckoo and the nightingale have returned to the country, and the sun promises to visit London once a week or so, there is a nuisance of the streets which we trust some proper authority will take the trouble to redress. There is little reason for the shopkeepers to render a sunny day an object of dread in this metropolis, but that is what they are at present contriving to do by means of the blinds or awnings over the windows. The iron framework is often so low that the pedestrian who does not keep a sharp look out is pretty certain to strike himself severely, and how people fare who are over six feet in height is a mystery. Even when the rods are high enough above the pavement, the awning hangs over so far as to form an effective trap for ladies' parasols and men's hats. Persons of an abstracted turn ought not to go out alone when the sun shines. There are, however, proper regulations in existence for compelling shopkeepers to keep their blinds out of people's way, and the police might perform very appreciable service by seeing that these regulations are enforced. A tall policeman ought to be made to walk under every blind on every beat in the town, and summon the tradesmen whose blinds he touched.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone. —[ADVT]

THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO MR. DICKENS.

THE American papers give a glowing account of the farewell banquet to Mr. Dickens, given by the New York newspaper men at Delmonico's on the 18th of last month. "Although but few of those who were present on this occasion had previously met Mr. Dickens (says the *New York Times*), it was, nevertheless, for them, if not for him, a reunion in very truth. 'Familiar in our mouths as household words' are the names and sayings and doings of the characters of his creation, and through them, long ago—some of us when first we began to run and read—we had an introduction to their author. It was like meeting an old friend, who had often entertained us, and endeavouring, in a feeble way, not to discharge, but to convey to him a sense of our indebtedness. About 200 gentlemen set down to table. The dining-hall was tastefully decorated with the British and American colours, and the tables were adorned with bouquets and vases of flowers. Mr. Horace Greeley presided, and on his right was the guest of the evening. Some delay was caused in the commencement of the festivities by the sudden illness of Mr. Dickens, and it was reported that he would be unable to attend, but to the great gratification of the assemblage he made his appearance in the reception-room at half-past six o'clock, and at once entered the dining-room leaning on the arm of the chairman. An account of the proceedings will be found on page 309.



THE GULL VALLEY, INTO WHICH THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL OPENS.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT NAPIER, K.C.B.

This distinguished General, the Commander-in-Chief of the Abyssinian Expedition, was born at Ceylon, about the year 1810, and educated at the Military College, Addiscombe. He entered the corps of Bengal Engineers in 1826. For the first eighteen years from that time he was employed in the Public Works Department, and first came prominently into notice in 1842, when, on the large frontier station of Kurnool, on the borders of the Punjab, being abandoned on account of its extreme unhealthiness, he was selected to lay out the new station of Umballah, and to design and construct extensive military buildings required for the garrison. Up to this time, Indian barracks had been wretchedly insufficient in size, ventilation, and convenience; but Captain Napier took the opportunity thus offered by the creation of an entirely new cantonment, the details of which were left wholly to his own discretion, to discard the conventional idea then held about barrack-building. For the first time since our occupation of India, the British soldier was properly housed in the spacious buildings erected by Captain Napier at Umballah. The "Napier Barrack" was, indeed, in its day, considered one of the wonders of the time; and, although the advance of sanitary science has since led to further improvements being suggested in them, the Umballah barracks will stand as a proof of the enlightened intelligence of their designer, and the care and sympathy he has always shown for the European soldier.

In 1845, on the sudden breaking out of the Sikh War, Captain Napier obtained leave of absence from his civil duties. Like all those who made famous the name of Napier, he was ever ready and eager for action, and as soon as he had gained permission to depart, he immediately made for the field of war. After a sixty mile ride, he was in time to be present at the battle of Moodkee, where his horse was killed. A second was killed under him at the succeed-

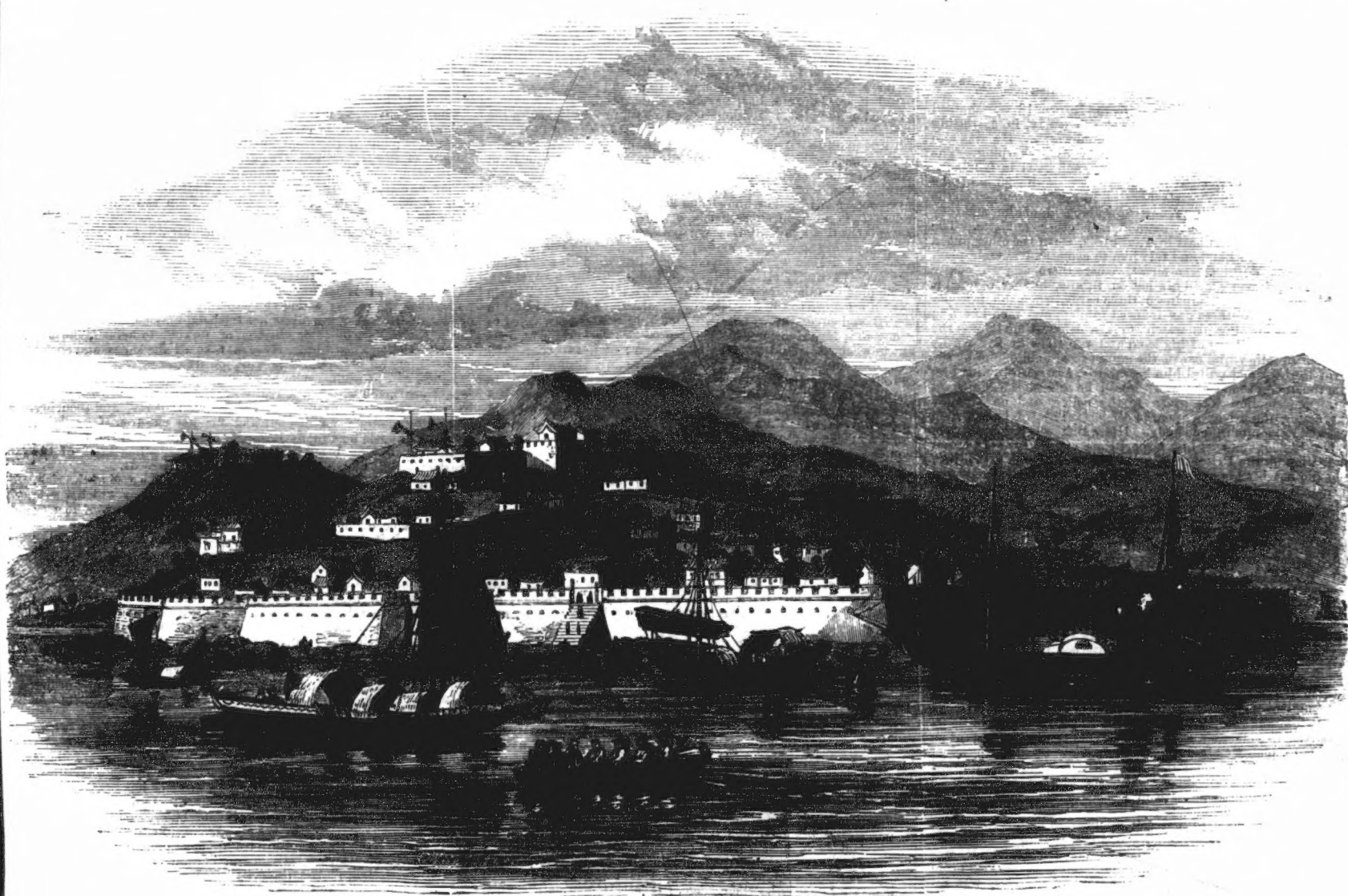
England on sick leave, but he immediately returned to India, and was at once appointed Chief of the Staff of the force which, under Outram, first relieved Lucknow. Recovering from a wound received on this occasion, he was then appointed chief engineer, with the rank of brigadier, of Lord Clyde's army, and in that capacity presided over the engineer department during the highly successful operations which resulted in the capture of that place. Shortly afterwards he was sent, as brigadier-general, to relieve Sir Hugh Rose, on that officer falling sick, in the command of the Central India Field Force, and after several dashing cavalry affairs with different bodies of rebels—among others, that headed by the notorious Tantia Topes—succeeded in pacifying that part of the country. During a portion of this time however he was acting as second in command, having given way to Sir Hugh Rose, who had claimed the task of suppressing the rebellion.

Colonel Napier's next active employment was in the command of one of the two infantry divisions composing the army which, in 1860, under Sir Hope Grant, captured the Takoo forts, and extorted peace from the Emperor of China under the walls of Peking. Returning to India in 1861, he was appointed member of the Governor-General's Council, and conducted the military department of the Government until 1865, when he was nominated to a less lucrative, but perhaps to a thorough soldier the more congenial, post of Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army.

Although Sir Robert Napier has thus reached almost the top of his profession, while yet in the full possession of his physical and mental faculties, perhaps no man in the army has won his different grades more thoroughly. The Sutlej campaign gave him a brevet majority, his great services at Mooltan were recognised by another step of brevet rank. The mutiny found him a brevet colonel by seniority, and so, while other officers serving in the same campaign obtained a step of rank as well as the C.B., the chief of Outram's

MR. WARD, R.A.

DURING the last twelve months Mr. Ward, R.A. has been engaged on the three historical pictures which complete the series which he undertook to paint for the House of Commons. The subjects are, "Monk declaring for a Free Parliament," "William and Mary receiving the Lords and Commons," and "The Bishops after their Acquittal." Of these, perhaps, the passage in the life of Monk offered the least perplexity to the artist. The costumes of the various officers assembled are as striking as could be desired, and Mr. Ward has displayed his usual knowledge and skill in the treatment of these matters; but he has aimed at higher qualities, and succeeded in realising with great force the feeling of suspense which agitates the figures, and to which the momentary indecision of the chief has given rise. The officers have stated their case, they have told the general that parliament has dishonoured them in the eyes of the country, and is bent upon sacrificing them to the army of Lambert. Monk's hesitancy is well expressed. The painter's skill is alike evident in every part in the group—in the essential features of dramatic painting, and in the accessories which fill up the space. In some hands the subject in which William and Mary appear would have presented the barren aspect of a mere pageant, but in order to elevate his theme Mr. Ward has resorted to an incident recorded in a letter written by Lady Cavendish. While the Lords and Commons were making their stipulations respecting the Bill of Rights, and at that point where the faults of the Princess's father were referred to, she became visibly affected, and "looked down as if she were troubled." By selecting this moment the painter has succeeded in imparting human interest to his picture—our sympathy is aroused for the young Princess. So with the composition of "The Bishops on their Acquittal." The venerable prelates come forth from



FORTIFICATIONS NEAR CANTON.

ing batt's of Ferozeshah. He was also actively employed on the staff at the battle of Sobraon. On the subsequent occupation of Lahore by the British army, Lord Hardinge selected Major Napier for the duty of constructing temporary barracks for the large European garrison in that city—an arduous duty, admirably performed. While thus employed he was sent, on the outbreak of the insurrection at Mooltan, in 1848, as chief engineer of the force which marched from Lahore under General Whish to recover that place, and served throughout the campaign in that capacity, and afterwards, when the force was augmented, as second in command. He was severely wounded on this occasion. Major Napier also served as one of Sir John Cheape's "right-hand men" at the battle of Goojerat, and was then promoted to the rank of colonel.

On the annexation of the Punjab, in 1849, Lord Dalhousie selected him for the post of chief civil engineer in that country, and from that period dates the introduction of anything deserving the name of public works in India, with the sole exception of the Ganges Canal, which had been commenced a short time before.

The Punjab was Lord Dalhousie's favourite province; Sir Henry Lawrence was at the head of the local government; with their support and encouragement a new ideal of progress was developed. In eight years, Napier and his staff had placed that country in advance of all our old acquisitions in India, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that the development since given to roads and other public works in India is due in a great measure to the extraordinary energy displayed on this occasion.

During this period, Colonel Napier was fully enabled to carry out his previously-cherished plans for covering that almost trackless country with arteries of military and commercial highways, as well as to plan and execute the magnificent canals destined to fertilise the arid Doab; and eventually to cause the construction of numerous buildings, barracks, &c., requisite to the efficient administration of the province. He was still engaged in these onerous duties when he was called to Calcutta to assume the post of Chief Engineer of Bengal.

At the outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857, Colonel Napier was n

staff received only the latter. For his services at the capture of Lucknow, under Lord Clyde, Colonel Napier was knighted, but his subsequent command in Central India did not lead to any promotion. Yet some of the most brilliant cavalry affairs in the mutiny were the actions in Central India fought by Sir Robert Napier at the head of a handful of native cavalry and the 14th Light Dragoons, and they would doubtless have been brought more under notice if undertaken by a less modest or more pushing man. For his services in the China war of 1861, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, which advancement, as he was at the time second senior colonel in the army, gave him exactly one step. In September last Sir Robert Napier was nominated a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India.

Thus each step of promotion to his present place has been well and hardly won. The popularity with which Sir Robert Napier is regarded in the army has steadily increased with his reputation. A splendid horseman—good horsemanship and great power of bodily endurance are valuable gifts in a general—he has won the heart of the troops under his command by his love of justice and his kindly sympathy and consideration for the soldier; while every member who has ever been on his staff during active service, will be ready to offer a tribute of affectionate admiration for his gallantry and skill. We must especially remark, that the part he played in the suppression of the great Indian rebellion greatly increased his previous high reputation. It was he who, at the siege of Lucknow, planned that bridging of the Goomtee River which exercised so great an influence on the operations of the enemy. Indeed, it is impossible to over-estimate the important work which General Napier has accomplished.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

Westminster Hall with all humility after the trying ordeal to which they have been subjected. No wonder that the people, rich and poor alike, prostrate themselves reverently before men so distinguished for their high-mindedness. Mr. Ward has failed in no respect in endowing his bishops with those attributes of dignity and refinement which always command the respect of mankind. He has with much ingenuity arranged his figures so as to avoid a monotony which seemed inevitable, owing to the similarity of vestments worn by the ecclesiastics. Right and left are placed in contrast courtly personages in silks and satins, and folks in rustic garb and simple faces, beside the cunning visage of the Jesuit.

FORTIFICATIONS NEAR CANTON.

AMONG the defences in the neighbourhood of Canton are the fortifications shown in our engraving. Although not very formidable, they are strong, and of considerable extent.

RIOT AT WHELLEY.—Summary justice has been done in the case of the three men charged with riot at Whelley on the 20th ult. They have been tried at the Wigan Quarter Sessions before the Recorder, Mr. J. Catterell, for having been concerned in wrecking the house of a "knobstick" named Rowe, have been found guilty, and have been sentenced to five years penal servitude.—As an illustration of the unreasonable pretensions of the colliers on strike, it may be mentioned that Mr. Hewlett, manager for the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, in giving evidence before the Trade Union Commission on Tuesday last, stated that since 1864 the wages of the South Lancashire colliers have been advanced 30 per cent., that the price of coal has lately fallen as low as it was in 1864, and that the masters have only proposed in consequence a reduction of 15 per cent. in the wages of the men.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. R. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

DARING HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND ALLEGED MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—William Dixon, 18, connected with a gang of young ruffians infesting the Borough, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with being concerned with three others in assaulting Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, and robbing her of a valuable gold watch in the Southwark-bridge-road. It appeared from the evidence of the prosecutrix that on Thursday afternoon, the 23rd ult., about four o'clock, she was passing along the Southwark-bridge-road towards her residence close by, and when near Queen-street, Mint, she was suddenly surrounded by three young ruffians, one of whom seized her by the throat, and she was thrown backward and nearly stunned. When she recovered herself the ruffians had fled, but she found that her watch had been torn from her dress. She gave information to the police, and on Saturday night, the 25th ult., she saw the prisoner at the station-house, but she could not swear that he was one of them as she was attacked so suddenly. The prisoner was, however, like one of them. In answer to the Magistrate, she said she should not like to swear to him.—Rachel Rowe, living with her husband, at 104, Southwark-bridge-road, said she knew the prisoner as selling goods in the streets, and for some time past she had noticed him and three or four other rough-looking characters loitering about the end of Queen-street. About four o'clock on the afternoon in question she was looking out of her window when she saw the prisoner and three others running from the prosecutrix, who was rising from the ground calling out "Stop thief!" and "You have got my watch." They all ran towards the Mint, and she lost sight of them. On Saturday night afterwards she was called to the station-house when she picked out the prisoner among several others.—In cross-examination she said she should not like to swear to the prisoner as being one of the four, but she had previously seen him loitering about the same neighbourhood, where frequent robberies were committed.—The Prisoner, in defence, said that at the time spoken of by the witnesses he was selling his goods in Mint-street.—A witness was called to that effect, when Mr. Burcham observed that from the evidence of the prosecutrix and her witness he was sure no jury would convict, therefore it would be useless sending the prisoner for trial. He must, therefore, be discharged.

GARROTTERS AND SHARPERS.—George Brown, 18, was charged with being concerned with another, not in custody, in garrotting Richard Wilkins, and robbing him of a gold watch. He was also charged with defrauding him out of 5s. by card sharpening.—The Prosecution said that he was a stonemason, and lived in Lambeth-square. A little before eight in the evening of the 28th ult. he was standing near the Victoria Theatre, in the New-cut, when the prisoner and another young fellow came alongside of him, and they got into conversation about betting and other subjects. The prisoner said he could beat him at cards, when the other put a florin into witness's hand and told him to come and see fair play. They all went down Queen-street, where there was an empty truck. The prisoner placed his hat on it, and, having covered it with his handkerchief, produced three cards, when the prisoner won the florin. Witness was induced to play, and soon lost 6s.; and as he was opening his watch to see what time it was the prisoner snatched it out of his hand and ran off with it. As he was about to follow him one of the gang seized hold of him by the back of the neck and pulled him backwards, nearly strangling him at the time. As soon as he was released he missed the whole of them. Information was given to the police, and, on Monday night, seeing the prisoner near the Victoria Theatre, he called an officer and gave him into custody. His watch was a gold Geneva one, No. 13,285, and cost him a short time ago £2 15s.—In cross-examination by the Prisoner, witness said he had won a shilling, but he did not bet his watch against £2 and lost it. The watch was snatched from him, and he was garrotted.—Police-constable 197 L, said he was on duty in the New-cut a little after eight in the evening, when the prosecutrix came up to him and told him that he had been robbed of his watch on the night of Tuesday last. They proceeded towards the Victoria Theatre, when the prosecutrix pointed out the prisoner, and said "That's the man that robbed me." He denied the robbery, but on searching him three cards were found on him and 18s. 11d.—The Prisoner, who admitted playing cards with the prosecutrix, denied having stolen the watch.—He was, at the request of the constable, remanded.

ANOTHER ALLEGED FENIAN.—Patrick Gorman, a shoemaker, was charged with assisting James Winterbourne, a journeyman printer, to take the Fenian oath.—Superintendent Beale, of the E division, and Inspector Thompson, of the detective force, attended to watch the case.—Winterbourne said he met the prisoner in the Euston-road at about half-past eight o'clock. The prisoner spoke to him and said, "I know you well; go with me to Salisbury-street, to a meeting, and take the Fenian oath." He went on to say that a plan was being arranged to blow up the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, and British Museum. Witness said he was not the man the prisoner took him for, and being no Fenian he would take no oath of the sort. The prisoner then threatened to kill him, and "wash his hands in his blood." Witness went on with him till they met a policeman (Dentry, 152 E), and gave him in charge.—Dentry stated that the prisoner repeated his threats, and his avowal of Fenianism, in his presence. He was drunk. Witness took him to the station.—The prisoner, who said he had no recollection of saying anything of the sort, was remanded.

A LADY FINED FOR LEAVING A TRAIN WHILST IN MOTION.—Mrs. Fanny Lidiard was summoned for leaving a carriage of the Metropolitan Railway Company while the train of which the said carriage formed a part was in motion.—The defendant, on the 31st of March, was a passenger by one of the Metropolitan trains, and on its arrival at the Farringdon-road Station the station-master heard something fall heavily on the platform, and on looking round saw the defendant lying on the boards. He picked her up, and at that time the train was still in motion. The defendant hurt her arm, and was much shaken, and she stated that four gentlemen had got out of the next compartment before she attempted to move, and that she thought the train had come to a stand. A heavy penalty was not pressed for, as it was stated that it was done to protect the passengers and to make them more careful.—Mr. Barker said as a heavy penalty was not pressed for he should only order the defendant to pay a fine of 2s. 6d. and the costs, which she immediately did, and then left the court with her friends.

LYON v. HOME.

The singular case which has for some days occupied the Court of Chancery, and in which the Vice-Chancellor has reserved judgment until next term, suggests some obvious considerations. Of course there are vulgar-minded persons who will take a coarse view of the whole affair. Mr. Home, according to them, is a cheat of a rather higher order than the average. He is a Cagliostro of a more modest type. He has persuaded an old lady to give him £30,000 down, with as much more at her death, by a gross imposture. If he did not take money at the doors, after the fashion of the more vulgar tribe of impostors, it was only because he was flying at higher game. If, as is suggested, the lady of seventy-five gave him the money as a kind of retaining fee to induce him to marry her, it does not mend matters much. A man who could take and keep this money under such circumstances must be devoid of the most ordinary feelings of a gentleman, and one could believe him guilty of any additional depth of baseness and imposture.

We cannot, however, argue upon this hypothesis, because spirit-rapping is still an open question, and Mr. Home may possibly be

a gentleman of the highest character, as also because it is comparatively uninteresting. If spirit-rapping is merely a piece of legerdemain, a loftier branch of the art of thimble-rigging or of the Davenport trick, as practised daily in our streets, there is little more to be said about it. It proves that there are enough fools in the world to keep the knaves alive, a proposition which can hardly claim the merit of novelty. Let us therefore suppose, for the sake of argument, that everything which Mr. Home says is strictly accurate, that he is a martyr in the cause of truth, and has been cruelly exposed to the laughter of a sceptical age, which is really unworthy of the revelations of these latter days. There are still two hypotheses which are open to us, under either of which the position of spirit-rappers in the world would require some careful consideration.

In the first place, Mr. Home, so far as we can understand his own narrative, is the indirect cause of certain singular phenomena. When he was six months old, tables contracted a habit of rapping in his presence. As he grew up the manifestations became still more singular. Not only did umbrellas occasionally communicate to him their views of things in general, but the laws of gravitation took to playing strange tricks, especially in the dark. Mr. Home was occasionally taken up to the ceiling and put down again unhurt. Moreover, he actually saw and held conversations with what he took for ghosts. To account for these various phenomena Mr. Home invented a theory that they were caused by spirits. It is merely a hypothesis which we are at perfect liberty to reject, even if we accept the truth of the phenomena. The spirits of which he speaks are as much imaginary causes as the fetishes which a negro supposes to account for thunder or rain or the action of a poison. We never meet disembodied spirits in any other walk of life, and when we say that a spirit has rapped on a table we are not referring the raps to any agency with which we are otherwise acquainted. The only definition of the spirit is that unknown thing which produces the raps, and the verbal explanation of the raps remains purely verbal. They are still an unaccountable phenomena, or, at least, a phenomena still unaccounted for. The raps may be merely due to an unconscious action of Mr. Home himself. The spirits which he sees, for example, may have no more external reality than his dreams. The habit of going up to the ceiling is certainly singular, but experience may possibly show us that under certain conditions people do rise into the air without the intervention of a rope and a gullows. If, indeed, it were proved that the phenomena produced at a *seance* involved a knowledge of things which could not be known to the assistants, there would be a proof of some sort of external agency. But it is plain that nothing of the kind happens. The raps give us no news; we have heard nothing from them of the suicide of King Theodore, or even of the winner of the Two Thousand. Nothing would be easier than to place beyond all doubt the possession of any kind of knowledge unattainable by other means; and as it is never even seriously attempted to do so, we may assume that the knowledge is not possessed. Undoubtedly, if the phenomena are accurately stated, there must be some curious psychological laws which we have not hitherto discovered; but they may be nearly all explained on the supposition that Mr. Home produces the raps without knowing it; the small residuum may be set down to the illusions which are so easily produced in excited and superstitious minds. Hence we are simply asked to believe that Mr. Home unconsciously produces various phenomena which a cheat would produce consciously; and, as Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Gerald Massey believe Mr. Home to be a thoroughly honest man, we shall, of course, have no difficulty in accepting the belief. Only, it is a very awkward power, and if a pickpocket was allowed to set up the same plea and to declare that an agency, of which he was perfectly unconscious, had transferred £30,000 worth of bank-notes into his pockets we should require very strong evidence to character.

Let us suppose, however, that Mr. Home's theory about spirits is accepted. In this case, the misfortune is that the spirits on his showing are such a very bad lot. They play practical jokes, they talk incredible nonsense, they lie enormously, and contradict each other freely. Mr. Home claims some credit for proving to the sceptical the existence of another world. But the inspiring thought that we may be possibly allowed to rap on tables after our death is very much damped by the reflection of the bad company we shall meet. When we have induced our widows to adopt an admirable son, some lying scoundrel, the late Mr. Palmer, for example, or the spirit of Judas Iscariot, may get into a chair, and spread the most abominable calumnies about him. If spirits can get into furniture, perhaps they can punch each other's heads; and it is disagreeable to think of the possible consequences to our peace of mind. In the American war the enemy used to intercept the telegraphic wires and send false messages for the benefit of their antagonists. It seems that spirits adopt a similar device, and scramble for the only line of communication open from their world to ours. Unless they learn better manners, it is really doubtful whether they should be allowed to speak to us at all. The Spiritualist Athenaeum might have done good service by arranging some kind of postal convention to secure the authenticity of the messages conveyed.

Indeed, in either of the cases we have put, it seems plain that some restrictions upon the intercourse are urgently required. If neither spirits nor mediums can arrange a system to command public confidence, society should take the matter in hand and insist upon some spiritual treaty. The plainest consideration is that the mediums should be as much as possible discouraged from making money by their trade. If Mr. Home as a refined and honourable gentleman had only considered the matter a little, we feel certain that he would have got rid of the £30,000. Perhaps it would have been immoral to have restored it to a lady who accused him of being a cheat; but he might have given it to a charity, or founded an institution for the due investigation of spiritual phenomena. The reasons are only too obvious. If the phenomena are merely due to natural causes, and therefore a subject of investigation for philosophers, the first thing is to know accurately what they are. The power of winning heavy money prizes by this strange endowment is as fatal to its use as it is to the fair running of race-horses. Mr. Home has by causes out of his own control been put into possession of many thousands of pounds. Will not every scamp and cheat in the three kingdoms, to say nothing of America, be encouraged in the strongest way to produce spurious imitations of these authentic appearances? All possibility of finding the genuine article will disappear when it is lost in the multitude of Brummagem imitations. Mr. Home ought really to be set apart, kept at the public expense, and carefully examined by the first experimental philosophers of the day, until the laws of these anomalous phenomena have been satisfactorily determined. Surely Professor Tyndall would find lodgings for him in the Royal Institution, and every man of science would be glad to subscribe a moderate sum to keep him as the most singular of recorded curiosities. If he stands the inquiry, he would be cheap at £30,000 from the nation; but it is wrong that the support of such a wonder should be left to private energy, especially to that of excitable old ladies.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Home is really helped by spirits, the necessity is still plainer for both parties. The spirits are such disreputable persons that we wonder he can trust himself in their hands. The scrape into which he has already fallen is a sufficient warning to him; he can hardly be willing, at least, to have more dealings with the objectionable spirit which introduced him to Mrs. Lyon. The argument, as seen from Mrs. Lyon's side, is still stronger. When a spirit mixes itself up with the transactions of this world, there is hitherto no way known of bringing an action against it. If it perjured itself, it cannot even be sentenced to imprisonment in a table. It is highly desirable in every way that

such objectionable characters should have as little as possible to do with the transfer of funds, until we have some better guarantee for their sincerity and good intentions. The persons who act as their agents must be responsible for the consequences of their behaviour, even if they are nothing but agents, simply because we cannot get at the principals. Moreover, we cannot but fear that continued interference in the affairs of this world is likely to have a bad effect on such unprincipled and irresponsible agents as the spirits themselves. In the interest both of the spirits and ourselves we should wish that we may keep at least our monetary transactions as clear as possible from all external interference.

It is difficult to feel much sympathy with the victim of such a business, whatever may be Mrs. Lyon's folly; she may be a silly old lady, or rather too acute for poor Mr. Home; in this particular case she may or may not have precluded herself from a remedy at the hands of the court. But as a general principle there can be no doubt that the possibility of such transactions taking place with impunity must be at least an encouragement to impostors, and if there are any among the spiritualists besides Mr. Home, to a confusion of the honest men with the rogues.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

THE long-lived nature of abuses is one of the most remarkable among the many singular things to be noticed in the world. "Threatened men live long," the proverb says; and evils whose burdensome nature has been long felt partake of the same enduring character. First of all, there is always someone, frequently there are a number of people, who are interested in the maintenance of the abuse, and who oppose all their power of passive resistance to the removal of the evil complained of. The force of such obstructive power is only to be rightly estimated by such as have at any time endeavoured to act against it. There is, in addition, the dislike which most people have to disturb any existing state of things, and the vague feeling that we know what is now, but that we cannot tell what new form of wrong or trouble may be evoked during the process requisite to get rid of the older one.

No wrongs have more eminently exhibited these characteristics than those under which women, as a class, have constantly suffered. The abstract sense of right has certainly not enabled men to be just towards women; and the weakness and naturally dependent character of the feebler sex have always favoured the tyrannical tendencies of the physically stronger.

The improved condition of women among civilised nations is always looked upon as one of the most striking evidences of high cultivation; but if the legal equality of women with men be considered as any test or measure of the high condition of a country's civilisation, we shall be constrained to admit that England is not in the fore-front of the nations—nay, that she is far behind not only America, but, in some respects, even the much-despised Turkey.

The present condition of our laws with regard to the property of married women is truly lamentable. A woman unprotected by marriage settlements is, as has been forcibly said, only different from a slave in the fact that she cannot be compelled to work. If she does work, it is her husband who benefits by her toil. She has no right to the money which she gains by the labour of her hands or brain. However worthless her husband may be, however careless of the welfare of their children or unkind to herself, she has no protection against him. He can take all she earns and spend it absolutely on himself.

In the case of women who have property before marriage, settlements are made which are really evasions of the law, but which have the effect of protecting a woman's property, and securing something definite for herself and for her children if need be. Everyone knows how many instances occur in which the fact of a settlement having been made before marriage has been of the greatest benefit to both wife and children afterwards.

But marriage settlements only take place in the case of the rich, and cannot by any means be made to apply to money which a wife may earn after her marriage. It is, unfortunately, an event of no very uncommon occurrence that a woman after marriage finds she must exert herself if she means to live at all. Indolent, good-for-nothing husbands, who marry a wife simply that she may maintain them, are, unhappily, persons by no means rare. Everyone almost could furnish instances, the particulars of which are known to him or herself, in which women have been hard put to it to keep, if possible, by any device, some little remnant of their own earnings for their own use—in how many cases without success!

The bill which was last week introduced into Parliament by Mr. Lefevre has for its object the remedying of this state of things, and the giving a woman control over her own property and earnings. It does not aim at interfering with the power of making ante-nuptial settlements which is at present possessed, but it provides protection in case no settlement shall have been made, and gives the husband the same position with regard to a wife's personal estate, in case of her dying intestate, which the wife would have with regard to the husband's personal estate under similar circumstances.

This is not the first time that such an attempt has been made to ameliorate the condition of married women. In 1857 a bill with much the same provisions as the present one was introduced by Sir Erskine Perry, and was read a second time by a considerable majority. The bill was not carried at that time. It is difficult to make a body of men, whose own female relatives are protected by special legislation, realise the evils endured by women of classes for whom no such provision can be made.

The years which have elapsed since 1857 have, however, brought in their train the development of many ideas concerning women and their position which at that time had hardly begun to agitate society. Women's "rights"—objectionable as the phrase has been made—are thought by many to be worthy of more extended consideration; and it is to be hoped that the renewed attempt for the benefit of married women may be crowned with deserved success.

We have no doubt that there will be an immense amount of opposition encountered from the men who "have deep in their hearts the idea that women ought to be their legal inferiors; that neither the persons of women, nor their property, ought to remain their own; that marriage is not a free union on equal terms; and that the law ought to favour the stronger sex against the weaker." We trust that such opposition will not ultimately prevail.

It is not to be forgotten, either, that the new rights proposed to be granted to married women will bring with them new duties. They will have the control over their own property; but, at the same time, while they have the privileges, they will have also the responsibilities of property. A married woman will be responsible for all debts or contracts entered into before marriage, will be liable for "any pecuniary damage caused by her wrong, either before or after the marriage," and will be capable of being sued, as if she were unmarried.

But so great would be such a boon as that which the new bill proposes to give, that women will readily and willingly accept their new position, with its duties and comparative independence, in exchange for the present "slavish" conditions to which they are subjected.—*Queen.*

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CHARGE OF OBTAINING A CARRIAGE BY FRAUD.

At the Marylebone Police-court on Saturday, William Jackson, described as a house agent, at Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, was brought up on a warrant by Sergeant Palmer, of the detective department, Scotland-yard, charged with obtaining a carriage, valued at £150, and also a sum of £350 from Mrs. Christina Fairman, residing at Princes-gate, Kensington, by means of false and fraudulent pretences.

Mr. George Lewis, jun., appeared to prosecute; and Mr. Finch, of the firm of Finch and Finch, Clifford's-inn, conducted the defence.

Mrs. Fairman, an elderly lady, was allowed to be seated. She said: I am a widow. I know Mr. Jackson, and have employed him as house agent. In June, 1866, I had a carriage for sale, and spoke to him about it, and asked him if he had any means of disposing of it for me. He called again, and said he knew a gentleman who had an organ for sale, and he would take the carriage and allow £150 for it. Prisoner said the organ was worth from £500 to £600; and he thought he could get a purchaser for it at the latter price. I was also to give, in addition to the carriage, the sum of £350 for the organ. I told him I was no speculator, and would have nothing to say to the business. He then left, and I think called again, when I told him if he brought the gentleman who would give me £500 for the organ I might entertain the matter. I did not want the organ. Prisoner afterwards brought me a letter, which I think I read, dated from Poole, saying the gentleman would take it for £500 if the barrels were put in order. I gave him a cheque for £350, and the carriage was sent for. The organ was also sent for. He gave me this receipt for £350 and a London made carriage in exchange for an organ worth £500, at the time in Grosvenor-square. The carriage cost me £170. I had not the knowledge that it was an organ that the prisoner had bought. He said he could get £500 for it within two months. I had no knowledge that it belonged to him and not to a gentleman. It was in consequence of his statement that I gave him the carriage and the £350. The organ was then at 5, Grosvenor-square.

Cross-examined: After the purchase of the organ it was some months before I saw it. Neither myself or any other person saw it before I gave the cheque. Jackson gave me the name of either Walker or Walters as the person who was to purchase the organ from me. (A letter as regarded the purchase was read, signed "R. E. C. Walters.") It was on the 17th of July, 1866, that I gave the cheque.

Mr. Lewis said he should give notice to produce all letters and documents in the case.

Cross-examined continued: The letter was shown to me on the very day I paid the cheque. After I gave the £350 and the carriage I had several communications with him about the organ. He said I might get £500 instead of £500. He said they were doing something to the barrels of it. He did not tell me that when the repairs were done the organ would be taken to a music shop in Regent-street for sale. I did not know it was even repaired. I daresay I might have told him to get £500 instead of £500 if he could get it. He had done business for me before. He sold a house for me at a little profit. I did not make over a couple of thousand pounds by the sale. Prisoner was my agent in the matter. I heard subsequently that Walters would not give £500 for the organ. This letter was never sent to me, but I did see it during some time last year. (Letter produced and read, wherein it set forth that it would not suit Mr. Walters' purpose to have it then at any price.) The offer he had made, £450, was a fair one. I have not taken any trouble to ascertain whether Walters does live at or near Poole. The carriage cost me £170 five or six years ago. I very seldom used it and it was nearly new. I first mentioned to him about the disposal of the carriage, and then he spoke to me about the organ. I expected to get £500 on the transaction. I lived in the house he sold for me for eight years. He sold it for me for a profit. I have only heard within the last few days that the carriage was put up for sale and only fetched £20. I did not ask a coach-builder to buy it of me. I cannot recollect whether he only offered me £40. It was £40 or £50. I did not name any sum to him. I was satisfied at being offered £150 after being offered only £40 or £50. He has sold furniture for me before the carriage transaction. I instructed my solicitors to get back what they could out of the £350. If I had got any reasonable sum, probably I should not have prosecuted.

Re-examined.—At the time I instructed my solicitor I was not aware that the prisoner had purchased the organ at a sale for £10. It was the day before I came to this court for a warrant for £10. I took no more notice of the offer of £50 for the carriage. I always paid him commission for whatever he did. If I had known that the organ belonged to him I should not have parted with my money.

Charles Butcher, clerk to Mr. Phillips, auctioneer, Bond-street, said an organ was knocked down for £10 to a person named Jackson.

Mr. Daniel Imhof, organ builder, 547, Oxford-street, said: Prisoner called on me and said he had bought an organ at Mr. Phillips's. I recollect the organ, for I had put in one for the same sale for another party. He said he wanted me to fetch it away at once to repair it. I had it fetched to our factory. I examined it and told the prisoner it would take £85 to repair it. I told him the organ was entirely destroyed and never was a new one. I told him it would take £80 to remodel it and make it a good one. A few days after he took it away and said he would polish it up and get rid of it. He called upon me a short time ago and said he had a customer for an instrument which I had in my show-room. He then asked me if I intended to show forward in this matter or not. I said, "If I am asked I will speak the truth," and requested him to go

and make some arrangement. He said he would not, and would see them — first. He then left. Cross-examined: If repaired for £80 I said it might fetch £150.

Mr. Maynard, of the firm of Pemberton, Maynard, and Pemberton, solicitors, Whitehall, deposed to having correspondence and interviews with the prisoner with a view to a compromise. Palmer, the detective-sergeant, proved apprehending the prisoner in the billiard-room of the Coalhole Tavern in the Strand. He had been looking for him since the warrant had been out—several days.

Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner for a week. He agreed to accept bail, the prisoner himself in the sum of £500 and two sureties in the sum of £250 each, twenty-four hours' notice to be given.

FIRE IN DRURY-COURT, STRAND.

ON Wednesday morning, shortly before four o'clock, the inhabitants of Drury-court, Strand, were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation in consequence of the outbreak of a destructive fire on the premises of Mr. W. Rest, known as the George Tavern. The fire was discovered by Police-constable Robert Wensley, 36 F, who, passing by, heard the crackling of glass, and felt astonished that a fire was raging inside. He instantly raised an alarm, when messengers were despatched for the fire-escapes and the steam fire-engines. The fire-escape arrived from St. Clement's Church, Strand. The conductor plied his escape against the burning building, Mrs. Rest crying out most piteously for help from the roof of the house. He ascended his escape, and placed Mrs. Rest in the canvas, but she unfortunately stuck in the middle. Conductor King descended, and pushed her to the bottom, when the canvas became all alight. Mr. Rest and the servants finding all means of escape cut off, jumped from the back windows. Steam fire-engines from Chandos-street, George-yard, and Holborn, and Farringdon-street were promptly on the spot, and with a good supply of water from the New River Company got to work in first-rate style, but the premises were entirely gutted, and the surrounding houses very much damaged by fire.

ATTEMPTED MURDER IN THE CITY.

ON Friday evening an atrocious attempt was made by two boys to murder a woman, named Mrs. Nunn, the housekeeper at No. 2, Catherine-court, Tower-hill, City. Three rooms on the top were occupied by the unfortunate woman, Mrs. Nunn, and her daughter and son-in-law, named Ellis. On Friday the daughter was out all day, and at six o'clock in the evening the son-in-law went to Clapham on a visit, leaving Mrs. Nunn, who is 65 years of age, in the house alone. Returning at about a quarter to nine he rang the bell, but receiving no answer he walked about the neighbourhood for nearly three-quarters of an hour. He then went back to the house, and found his mother-in-law sitting on the door-step covered with blood and in an unconscious state. The unfortunate woman was promptly removed to Guy's Hospital, and was found to have been dreadfully injured, her head and face having been beaten in with a blunt instrument. One of her arms was also swollen to an enormous extent, and there were bruises all over her body.

An examination of the premises by the police showed the attack made on the old woman to have been of a very violent character, there being a pool of blood on the landing of the first floor, and appearances indicating that the struggle had continued for some time. The police also discovered, lying about, a wooden mallet with which the wounds had been inflicted, a pistol, a boy's cap, and a pocket-knife. A sum of £2 0s. 6d. was missing from a small bag which was lying on a box in the housekeeper's room; and the box, which contained some silver plate, had been forced open, but nothing was taken away from it.

In the course of the night Mrs. Nunn partly recovered consciousness, and she was able to say something to the effect that two boys had done it, and this statement was partly borne out by the fact that two boys, distant relations of Mrs. Nunn, were seen in the court by a little boy, the son of a Mr. Hammond, who resides in a house opposite to No. 2. These boys, whose names are Arthur Forrester Smith, aged 15, and Hector Augustus Smith, aged 13, absconded from their parents' house on the evening of Good Friday, taking with them £4 belonging to their father, and on the evening of Friday last the boy Hammond saw them go down the basement stairs of No. 2, Catherine-court.

On Sunday the boys were apprehended about one o'clock in Daeon's coffee-house in the Strand. In reply to the officers, the boys said their name was Smith. They were then charged with having committed the murderous assault on Mrs. Nunn, and they acknowledged that they did it, and said they were tempted, but did not know what tempted them. They also stated that they were in her bedroom, and that she found them there, and began to scream. Had she not done that, they said, they would not have thought of striking her. They likewise admitted that they had been there before and taken the bank notes of which Mr. Beerbohm had been robbed. They had evidently washed the blood off their clothes, although some stains still remained.

At half-past two o'clock on Tuesday, Mrs. Nunn having recovered consciousness, the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Oke, the chief clerk at the Mansion House, attended at the hospital to take her depositions. Shortly after their arrival, the Lord Mayor was informed that the boys had been arrested, and in accordance with his directions they were taken to the bedside of the dying woman by Superintendent Foster, and identified by her as her assailants.

It may be mentioned that on the 13th of July last year prisoners were found concealed in the same cellar from which the mallet had been taken on the present occasion. They were taken to the police-station, and their parents having been communicated with they were then given up. Their father is a custom-house officer residing at Albion-place, Old Ford-street, Old Ford, and

appears that he is a brother to a son-in-law of Mrs. Nunn, living in Castle-street, Holborn. The boys were in the first instance taken to Seething-lane Police-station, and afterwards to be locked-up at Bishopsgate.

DISCHARGE OF MULLANY, THE APPROVER.

It will be recollected that at the close of the Fenian trials last week an application was made by Mr. Giffard, Q.C., that the case of Patrick Mullany, the witness who was examined on behalf of the Crown against the prisoners who were charged with the Clerkenwell murder, might be postponed to the present session, to give the counsel for the Crown an opportunity for considering what course should be taken with regard to the indictment for treason-felony that had been preferred against him.

It appears that the Attorney-General has entered a *nolle prosequi* with regard to that indictment, and the prisoner has consequently been discharged from custody.

DISGRACEFUL ROBBERY.—At the Central Criminal Court, on Tuesday, a respectable-looking man, named Tymen, aged 65, was charged with a robbery of unusual baseness. The prosecutor had saved a little money in Australia, for which he obtained a bill of exchange in three sets, the course of business being that when one was presented the other two became void. He sent one to his father in Norfolk by post, and retained the other two. As he was very ill he advanced £18 to pay prisoner's passage money, for which the latter undertook to attend to his benefactor on the homeward voyage. Prosecutor's illness resulted in blindness, and the prisoner took advantage of this infirmity to steal the bills of exchange. Fortunately, the one sent by post had been received and cashed, so that prosecutor did not lose his money; but the prisoner had obtained advances on the worthless paper.—He was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment.

A somewhat singular case of threatening to murder came before Alderman Finnis, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday. The complainant, Mr. Jackson, a merchant, residing at Enfield, was (with Mr. Drinkwater, of the Bank of England) trustee under the marriage settlement of the defendant, Mr. Harrison, a London stock-broker. The trustees had refused to allow Harrison to deal with the funds under the settlement as he pleased, which led to an exhibition of much ill feeling on the part of the defendant, and which eventually found expression in several threatening letters. The threats were of the most murderous description, and the prisoner seems to be conscious that his threat for vengeance is so uncontrollable that it is better for him to be under restraint. The prisoner was remanded for a week, with the view of making inquiries into the state of his mind.

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